



THE



LEISURE HOUR

JULY, 1887.

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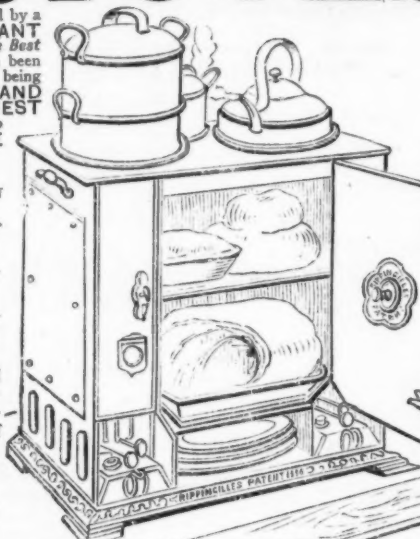
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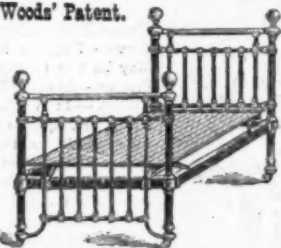
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PHAYRE PHENTON:

SIDE SCENES OF THE GARIBALDIAN REVOLUTION.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY."

CHAPTER IV.—PHAYRE AND SCAMOZZI ARRIVE AT PALERMO.



BAY OF PALERMO.

PHAYRE went up on the deck of his yacht at sunrise one morning and found Scamozzi there with the tears streaming down his cheeks. They were tears of sorrow and of gladness both, for the eyes of the exile were looking once more upon his native land. Veiled in silver mist, the purple mountains of Sicily were faintly seen beyond, and had that minute been sighted. Scamozzi wept like a child for a few moments, then stopped and brushed away his tears, and

laughed and shouted, and could scarcely contain himself for mad delight. Then he grew impatient because the mountains were still so far distant, and seemed to grow no nearer, and finally he became serious when Phayre approached him with a question as to the time and mode of their landing.

"For you, I think it will be easy enough," replied Scamozzi. "You are provided with a passport, you know; and there is your English

Admiral Mundy in the bay with his ship. I think you will pass in without much trouble; but you will be careful to show no arms. If you take your pistols, conceal them about you. As for me, I think you will have to make a Jonah of me. Drop me overboard, and leave me to land as best I can."

"I'll put about and carry you home again, before I do that," said Phayre.

"Well then, let us consider," said Scamozzi.

While they were discussing this matter, a fishing-boat hove in sight, and the two vessels, going in contrary directions, approached each other.

Scamozzi was leaning over the side of the yacht.

"What fisherman is not the friend of Garibaldi?" he said in a musing tone to himself, as if some notion had struck him in connection with the fishing-smack. "Is not Garibaldi himself a son of the sea? Please stop the yacht," he said to Phayre. "I must talk with the master of this boat."

He hailed the smack as he spoke, and presently he was talking with the owner, an undersized, thick-set man, with his features burnt coffee-colour, and a red Phrygian cap dangling to his shoulders.

"What would you reply, my friend, if I said to you, 'Viva Garibaldi'?" asked Scamozzi.

The fisherman looked at him a moment, as if he doubted what to make of this opening; then throwing up a hairy arm, on which the muscles stood out like knotted cord, "I'd give it back to you, with an 'Evviva for Italy!' besides," he cried.

"I was sure of it," said Scamozzi. "Now, listen to me a moment. We are all for Garibaldi here; and, as for me, I have fought beside him, and am coming to fight with him again—"

"Were you in Rome in '48, signor?" inquired the Sicilian, eagerly.

"I was with him to the last," answered Scamozzi.

"See here then, signor," cried the fisherman, "I was in Rome with him too, and I got this there!" and he held up his other arm, and showed a broad deep scar, which extended for four inches or more from below the elbow. "And there's another of them here," and he pointed to his thigh. "But what do they matter? They are going to be avenged now."

"You are right, *caro*," said Scamozzi. "Not a wound, not a wrong, not a grief, but will be avenged this time. The day that we have all been praying for is very near; we have but a little to wait now. But listen a moment; I cannot land openly at Palermo, for I have the honour to be a proscribed man, and my liberty is so dear to me just now that I would not risk the loss of it by unnecessary boldness. Do you dare to take me on board your vessel, and put me ashore to-night? Once within the walls I shall not fear to show myself."

"If I dare not do that I should be coward enough to deserve a lieutenantcy under our king," exclaimed the sailor. "You will be safe enough here, signor," tapping the side of his boat with his

hand. "I know the time and place to put you nicely ashore."

"Will you trust yourself with this man?" said Phayre, who had been listening to the conversation. "He has the face of a pirate, and he talks the most barbarous jargon I ever heard."

"Pure Sicilian!" laughed Scamozzi. "His face? Every Sicilian is a brigand or a pirate by birth, so I think nothing of that. This is an honest pirate, I am certain. He was wounded with Garibaldi at Rome. Now then, you must sail on into port, where you will be boarded in due course. Remain on board until you hear from me, which I hope you will do to-morrow. I shall arrange our quarters meanwhile. *A rivederlo!*" The count was over the side of the yacht in a twinkling.

The next day the yacht lay at anchor in the beautiful Bay of Palermo. Phayre waited, but there was no sign of Scamozzi or his envoy. In less exciting circumstances he would have sat at ease upon the deck, filled with the charm and freshness of his surroundings. His yacht was one of many vessels of all sizes and nationalities that rested idly on those waters of perfect blue; beyond the harbour the strange old town, with its mingled and contrasted architectural styles, glowed in the vivid amber of the spotless southern sun; above, and all around it, and on either side, lengthening and fading in the distance to mere grey and purple dimness, were the mountains which enclosed the little fabled fairy country where the gods of old lived and walked like men. Here was food for fancy, and for day-long dreams of sights and sounds and scenes which his classics had taught him to know, and which he had hoped to revive with pleasure and with ease when he touched Sicilian soil. But here in the teeming harbour, alive with modern craft, echoing all manner of discordant noises, and every man—sailor, soldier, pilot, porter, custom-house officer, and filthy naked beggar, prone on the warm stone ledge above the water—showing plainly by his face his expectation of the struggle which was to come; here, I say, the present had most effectually effaced the past. To look upward to the faint heights of those splendid hills was not to recall the legends of the land they sheltered; it was to think with a thrill of intense excitement that Garibaldi and his thousand red-shirts were on the other side, stealing by path and pass onward to the gates of Palermo.

Phayre fretted and grew impatient beyond his wont as the day wore on, and he was still without word of Scamozzi. He had had himself rowed ashore, and had paced up and down the dusty quay, partly because of his burning impatience to put his foot on Italian soil, partly for mere change of scene, and partly to satisfy himself that he would not be immediately arrested and carried off to prison by the scowling guards, who seemed disposed to bayonet every foreign comer. Various official persons had laid hands on him and on his vessel, and his passport had been looked at half a dozen times; but no further distractions offered, and as evening drew on he fell to wondering whether it were probable that Scamozzi's honest pirate had

severed his windpipe in hopes of his purse; or that the Bourbons had taken him on landing, and returned him to his dungeon. Having weighed the probabilities, he was beginning to incline to the former, when a boat shot out from the quay and made direct for the yacht; and in a few moments he was being hailed by the honest pirate, who began to address him in full-flavoured Sicilian. It is a dialect of Italian which Italians themselves are seldom equal to, and Phayre could no more than gather the drift of the fisherman's words. But he made out that Scamozzi was alive, and on shore, and waiting for him; and this was sufficient. The captain of the yacht had already received his orders, which were to remain in the harbour, and hold himself in readiness for special service of any kind.

So Phayre had nothing to do but to lower into the boat some small personal baggage, and himself after it; and this being done, the oarsman shoved off and made boldly for the quay, swaying himself on his brown bare feet as he drew the oars with wonderful strength and precision through the water. Arrived at the quay, Phayre would have fallen a prey to a swarm of shaggy and violent thieves called porters, who surrounded him with a fierce demand for his luggage; but the honest pirate, whom Phayre perceived that he had wronged, made the boat fast to the quay, and, shouldering the luggage, pushed his way through the screaming crowd to the custom-house. All the porter-brigands followed, cursing the sailor and Phayre too, for a breach of custom which had deprived them of some plunder; but the sailor gave back their words as hard, and waited until the customs examination was over, when he took up the bags again, and led the way outside.

Scamozzi was here, taking his ease as unconcerned as though there were but half a dozen instead of thirty thousand Bourbon soldiers in the town.

"Confess that you thought you had seen the last of me," he said; for Phayre, perhaps, was looking a trifle anxious. "Well, you are arrived! These are the streets of Palermo; how quiet they are! Look at that old crone with the coal-black eyes who sits at her door knitting; she looks as though she desired only to be allowed to knit herself quietly into her grave. Yet I saw her lay down her needles just now and look up at the hills there with a wistful face, and I know she was listening for the tramp of our rebels. If she has sons, I am sure she has told them that she expects to see them at Garibaldi's side on the day that he enters the town."

The honest pirate, who evidently had an understanding with Scamozzi, had disappeared with Phayre's belongings, and Scamozzi said "No!" and "Avanti!" and "Basta!" to the ragged drivers of mouldy fiacres who screeched in chorus for his patronage.

"It is better to walk," said he to Phayre; "and we are within seven minutes of our lodgings."

Leaving the broader ways of the town, they were presently traversing a maze of spare, unpaved streets; narrow, dark, and shrunken; where no

house resembled any of its neighbours, except that all had heavy balconies up to the topmost storey; some high, some low, and curiously coloured in buff, in pink, in brown, in yellow. Cypressess rose over crumbling walls, whose tops were clothed in ivy, or some spreading creeper with a gaudy flower; and the hot and scarcely moving air was weighted with the mingled essences of lemon-grove and garden. Night was fast gathering, and lights began to twinkle in numberless little dingy cafés and wine-shops, some of which were already crowded, while others were filling rapidly. A candle or two glimmered feebly in front of a rude Madonna and shrine set in a niche in a wall; a dark-eyed woman of Spanish type with a lace shawl over her head flitted by, glancing roguishly at Phayre: another leaned over a balcony, fanning herself and humming an air; a brown-robed bare-footed friar, good-humoured and dirty, trudged along with gleanings from the kitchen in a sack on his back; and a ragged fellow came jauntily down the street, fingering a mandolin as he walked, and singing to it with excellent voice. But there were very few people abroad, the streets were strangely quiet; even noticeably so; and in the darker and narrower streets this silence was almost oppressive. Oppressive, because over all there seemed to hang a sense of something that was only half revealed in the glances which men gave to one another as they passed: sometimes a glance of suspicion, oftener one of inquiry, and oftener still one of understanding and satisfaction: the mute expression of a common purpose in the front of common danger, which changes citizenship into brotherhood.

Then, so abruptly as almost to be painful, this silence of a whole town was broken by the ringing noise of trumpets; that peculiar shrill inspiring sound of Italian military music; and a strong band of soldiers passed down a street in the distance, at a quick march which was almost a trot. Scamozzi took Phayre through a slanting byway which in a moment or two brought them abreast of the soldiers, and they stood to watch them pass.

Small men and poor-looking, with slovenly gait, and no precision, Phayre thought, and remarked to Scamozzi.

"Some of them can fight, though," answered he. "I have seen—" He stopped, and without turning laid a hand, which trembled, on Phayre's shoulder. "Look there!" he whispered, and pointed towards the rampart of mountains behind the town, just visible in the deepening dusk.

Phayre looked but saw nothing. He turned to Scamozzi, who, his eyes straining and his face grown pale, was gazing intently in the direction in which he had pointed. Phayre looked again, and beheld a curious sight. A tongue of flame quivered in the dark air right over a spur of mountain some three or four miles distant. It vanished, but reappeared, broader and longer than before; burned steadily this time, increased in volume, and showed itself to be a fire of some magnitude.

"What is it?" whispered Phayre, for the people

whom the soldiers' music had drawn into the street were all staring intently, with fascination, and a kind of awe, at the fire which was now blazing superbly on the mountain top.

discuss the fire on the mountain, with that superfluity of energetic pantomime with which Italians dramatise any and every narration. All their expressions were of delight, and the faces of some



"IT IS THE BEACON-FIRE OF GARIBALDI."

"It is the torchlight of Liberty!" answered Scamozzi. "Look at the faces of the people round us, and see what they think of it. It is the beacon-fire of Garibaldi; it means that he has arrived on the heights of Monreale and in sight of Palermo. Is it a welcome sight? Look at the faces around us!"

The soldiers had just passed on, and the people drew together in groups and began to point, and

of them showed an almost fierce joy. The news spread that Garibaldi had just lighted his first beacon-fire, the groups in the street became larger and more excited, faces appeared at windows, figures on the balconies, the cafés were emptied: a thrill passed through the town.

A man was seen to climb on to the flat roof of his house, who looked towards the fire for a moment, and then running to the parapet cried out to the

people below: "Garibaldi has come! Garibaldi has come! Do you see his beacon-fire there and don't shout for him? I say Bravo! Evviva! Liberty! My father lies in chains in a dungeon of our foreigner king in Naples, the vermin eating him, and for no reason but that he loved Italy. My brother was shot in the back as a traitor for just that same reason and no other. I say let us have an Evviva for Garibaldi, who is coming to sweep away tyranny from Italy and give us freedom and just government in its place. Garibaldi and liberty! Garibaldi and justice! Garibaldi's is the cause of Heaven!"

While the man was speaking these passionate and inflammatory words from the house-top, the troop of soldiers were passing just beneath. The officer, a small, fat, purple-faced man, who when he saw the beacon-fire had said simply: "Ecco! The old freebooter has arrived, has he?" looked up, and, pointing out the speaker to the soldier beside him, said laconically, "Shoot him!" The soldier stepped from the ranks, raised his gun, fired, and missed.

"*Ohibò!* Is that your shooting?" muttered Scamozzi, contemptuously. "But we'll give you practice enough directly."

The numbers of the townspeople in the street had now increased so largely, and their air had grown so menacing, that for a moment it seemed likely that a rush upon the soldiery would be the consequence of the shot just fired. But the troop had continued their march down the street, and were now arrived at their station, a square in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace, where a considerable body of soldiers were encamped and under arms, with sentinels at every corner, and other detachments coming up from different directions. This quarter of the town, in fact, was in a regular state of siege, and the sight of so many muskets, which they knew were only too ready to be turned against them, decided the townspeople to wait for that more certain day of vengeance whose coming they hourly expected.

Scamozzi and Phayre had got out of their own course in following the soldiers, but Scamozzi, who seemed to know the town like a dog, dived into a street close by the cathedral, and after half a mile or so of other streets, streetlets, and passages, all dusky and stifling, and the widest not much wider than the narrowest, he stopped at a faded pink house with green shutters, the door of which opened directly on to the road.

"Here we are!" said he. "This is our refuge, my friend;" and, turning the handle of the door, which was not otherwise secured, he entered as if the house were his own.

Phayre followed him, and they ascended to a room on the first floor, furnished in a style novel to Phayre, with chairs of an antique pattern, a couch covered with some faded silky material, nothing in the shape of a fireplace, a worn carpet that hid only a portion of the stone floor, the walls washed with a faint colouring of amber, and the ceiling ornamented with a slight fresco in conventional but graceful style. Beyond this room was a sleeping chamber, in which were two rather scanty beds with mosquito curtains, the stone

floor entirely bare, and a small iron tripod in one corner holding a small jug and basin, which is, or was, considered a sufficient apparatus for washing in most Italian houses.

"Capital conspirators' quarters, I am sure," said Phayre. "You have done admirably. To whom does the house belong?"

"To a friend," laughed Scamozzi. "A friend—or a foe! What matter? Time of war, you know But you must be hungry."

He went to the door and called, "Signora, we are returned! I have brought home my Signor Inglese, who wants at present nothing but his supper."

"*Subito, signor!*" the voice of an old woman called from below; and presently the owner of the voice, a very old crone with ebon hair and deep-set eyes to match, entered with a tray, on which were an omelette, a heap of lemons, bananas, and oranges, a loaf of bread, cheese, and wine in a flask decked with yellow ribbons.

"Ecco, signori," said the ancient servitress, setting her tray on the table; and then she lifted up her hands and laughed, as though in enjoyment of some private joke.

"Eh, signora! You are thinking that we only need the captain here to play the host!" said Scamozzi, laughing in his turn, whereupon the old woman laughed more heartily than ever.

"Who may the captain be?" asked Phayre, to whom the joke between Scamozzi and the ancient was an enigma.

"Well," replied Scamozzi, "you must know that we have found quarters in the house of a dear foe of mine—a captain in his majesty's army, who is at present with his regiment in Naples—at least, if he and his men be not by this time on their way to swell the number of the king's troops in Palermo. Yet the house is no more his by right than mine. It belonged to a near relative and old comrade of mine, who, like the rest of my tribe, is at present in the natural lodging of an Italian patriot—one of his majesty's dungeons in Naples. I came here thinking to find him; then I went to the house of old Lucia here, his good housekeeper, who told me what I have told you. We both thought it a pity the house should stand empty, for the captain's servant, thinking the aspect of affairs unpromising, had made a change of service without leave. You and I are going to keep the house warm for the rightful owner—Lucia says that every bit of furniture in it is his—who will be needing a more comfortable shelter than his present one before long, I think. Let me welcome you to the abode of an old comrade, and offer you some supper."

CHAPTER V.—THE DAYS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

THAT night a semicircle of beacon fires shone on the hills of Monreale, and in Palermo the excitement of the people grew hourly more intense. It neared fever point when a revolutionary placard appeared suddenly on the walls in many parts of the town, calling on all true lovers of their country to prepare for the coming of

Garibaldi, who, it said, was at hand to deliver them from the tyranny of the hated Bourbon. Strange to say, these placards were suffered to remain, nor was any attempt made to prevent the gathering of people in the streets, a laxity of policy on the part of Lanza, the general in command, of which the Palermitans now began to take advantage. The Royalist troops were massed in force in three parts of the town, which was elsewhere left open. This gave opportunity for movement to the members of the secret committee, who were quietly engaged in organising a revolt of the town in Garibaldi's favour. It needed, indeed, all the efforts of this committee to prevent a rising before the hour was come.

Scamozzi, who had been in regular communication while in England with leaders of the Garibaldian party, had at once taken his place as a member of the secret committee; and through him Phayre was kept informed of its progress.

Not a word had been said between them concerning the part Phayre should play in the events that were anticipated. This subject had been studiously avoided by Scamozzi, who, on the other hand, neglected no means by which he might whet—to the point of action if possible—Phayre's hourly increasing interest in and sympathy with the revolution.

A strong body of the king's troops were sent out to engage the Garibaldians at Monreale, and the firing had scarcely ceased before an official bulletin was issued, and prominently posted in the town, stating that the insurgents had been routed and were flying for their lives. Scamozzi and Phayre read one of these notices from their balcony, and Phayre asked his friend if he believed it.

Scamozzi, twisting up a cigarette, pointed to the distant hill, where in precisely the same spots as on the previous evenings a dozen red lights had that moment appeared.

"Men who are flying for their lives don't stop to light beacon-fires," he answered. "As for that," pointing to the notice affixed to the wall, "it is too stale a trick. But we will answer it."

A member of the secret committee came in just then, an expression of ineffable disgust on his face, for he too had just read the official fiction.

"Well, have you heard how it has gone?" Scamozzi inquired.

"Garibaldi has of course won another victory," answered the new-comer. "A friend of ours has just returned from outside with the news. The fires up there will give the lie to this thing, but I think we will issue a bulletin of our own."

"Just what I was proposing to Signor Phayre," replied Scamozzi.

"Come in, friends—come in;" for three or four more of the revolutionary leaders in the town were entering.

It was decided that the Garibaldian committee should issue their own bulletin in answer to the one put out by Lanza. Scamozzi was requested to draw it up, and the other conspirators presently took their leave.

Scamozzi took up his pen, and began to write; then stopped and glanced at Phayre, who had

taken his part in the discussion, as he always did when a meeting of the committee was held at their lodgings.

"I should like you to write this, *caro*," he said. "You have heard what we propose. Here, take the pen; write it in English, and I will translate it."

Phayre took the pen and a sheet of paper, and wrote off a brief bulletin, stating precisely how the engagement had resulted, and bidding the citizens give no heed to the inventions of the other side. They had but to hold themselves in readiness; Garibaldi had said that he would come, and when had he failed of his word to his countrymen? Viva l'Italia!

"That will do," said Scamozzi. "Now you are more than ever one of us!"

And so indeed Phayre felt when he saw his bulletin on the walls the next morning, side by side with the false one of the Bourbons.

On the 26th of May, the eve of Whit Sunday, a messenger from the camp of Garibaldi slipped into the town late in the evening, and went to the several houses of the chiefs of the revolutionary movement. Scamozzi received a visit amongst the rest, and when he had spoken with the messenger he returned upstairs and said to Phayre, "I think our time of waiting is over. You have wanted to see Garibaldi; if I am not mistaken, you will have a chance of seeing him to-morrow."

"That's good news," said Phayre, looking up from the letter he was writing to Laura; "I shall brace up my courage."

"We are to have a meeting at midnight," went on Scamozzi. "Will you come?"

"Certainly," said Phayre, and went on writing. "No," said he, a moment later; "I think I will stay and finish my letter. We shall be in the thick of it to-morrow, you think? Well, we are in the heart of the town, and can hardly escape some bullets. I should be greatly annoyed if one of them found its billet in me before I had finished and posted this letter."

"Then stay and finish your letter," said Scamozzi, "and I'll give you the report when I come in."

Phayre broke off his writing, and they went on talking until the clocks struck twelve.

"There's your summons," said Phayre, and Scamozzi rose and said good night, and went out.

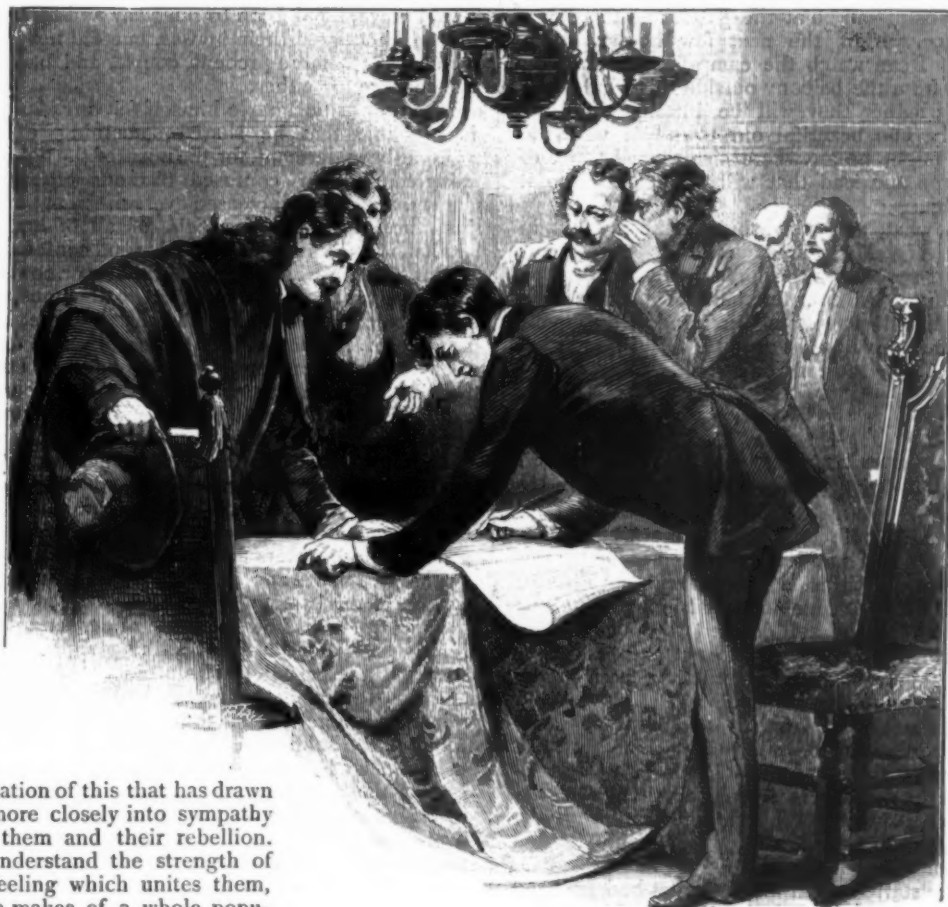
Phayre watched him from the balcony as he went down the street, the stones echoing his footsteps in the dead quiet of the night. On the hills beyond the beacon-fires of the rebel camp glowed like a belt of fiery stars. They broke the midnight harmony of nature, for nature's midnight lamps are not like these; and the little lights of the sky, catching their reflection, seemed to be tinged with blood.

Phayre followed Scamozzi with his eyes until he disappeared, then returned and continued his letter to Laura:

" . . . Here, in the midst of it all, my enthusiasm grows greater and greater. I should be a very clod if it were otherwise, for the whole town tingles in expectation of his coming, and every

one whom one meets puts into one a little of his patriotic feeling. I am persuaded now that the movement is really a national one. Garibaldi, rebel as he is, comes as the deliverer of a people, and it is as such that the people are burning to receive him, and will go out to fight for him as soon as he appears at their gates—all of them, you understand; not some few disaffected ones, but the whole population. It has been the vivid

me write in the poetical strain to which I ought to be inspired by the beauty and charm of our surroundings here. I can see a grove of waving lemon-trees from one of these windows; I can smell their fruit when the breeze blows this way. Please remember, too, that our lemons are a much finer article than those with which you are familiar. I sliced one open, sprinkled a little sugar over it, and ate it at breakfast this very morning. We



PHAYRE WRITES A BULLETIN.

realisation of this that has drawn me more closely into sympathy with them and their rebellion. To understand the strength of the feeling which unites them, which makes of a whole population a single family of patriots, one requires to have heard the thousand unvarnished stories that all here can tell of the tyranny that has marked out for persecution and punishments the most horrible, private individuals of all classes, who were as guiltless of misdemeanour as of crime. There is a prison here in which by far the greater number of the detained are so-called political offenders, against many of whom no distinct charge has ever been formulated, and who could not themselves declare for what offences they are subjected to worse forms of punishment and degradation than the thieves and murderers with whom they are chained.

"Here's a tirade, when I ought to be gossiping! And, indeed, in another mood I grumble at the tiresome revolution that won't let

have no garden of our own, but the town itself is a garden; and there are so many trees and flowers which one has thought of only in connection with the tropics, and many of the women show such a distinctly Eastern type of beauty, and many of the churches are so much more like mosques than anything else, that altogether, if it were not for the pestilent Bourbon soldiers, who go tramping up and down and beating their drums and blowing their noisy bugles (partly to inspire themselves, and partly to frighten Garibaldi, who is miles away out of hearing), I could easily think myself out of Europe.

"Scamozzi, as I need not tell you, is very much in his element, there being abundant opportunity for the meeting and plotting of the

little knot of arch-conspirators who form the chiefs of the movement here, and whose trysting-place he seems to have smelled out intuitively as soon as he set foot in the town. He went out to attend a conclave at midnight half an hour ago, and I don't know when I shall see him again. A messenger from the Garibaldian camp made his way into the town earlier in the evening, and the meeting is called to consider the news which he brought. Scamozzi thinks that Garibaldi will be at the gates, and the rising commence, within the next few hours. Who knows? I can watch the camp-fires blazing on the hills from the balcony outside this window; I wonder whether they will be blazing there to-morrow! The beautiful old town! I wish the fighting might be anywhere else when I think of all the iron and lead that will be poured into it by-and-by.

"And what, you will ask, is to be my part in the drama? My dear Laura, I do not know! There! I see the scorn which curls your lip when you read it. 'All that fine talk about enthusiasm and a national cause, and his mind still to make up whether he will fight or not!' But think what courage it asked to tell you so! . . ."

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT DEFELL PHAYRE ON THE FIRST DAY'S FIGHTING.

PHAYRE wrote on into the morning. Scamozzi had not returned when his letter was finished, but as he had been absent now for two hours Phayre concluded that he could not be away much longer, and decided to wait for him. This resolve he proceeded to put into effect by throwing himself into the easiest chair in the room and falling fast asleep.

On the stroke of four his sleep was suddenly and violently broken by a noise which was like nothing he had ever heard before. The windows of the room were shaken as though all the hands of Briareus were beating them from the outside, and the house itself quivered and vibrated from roof to basement.

Phayre started up in his chair, but had no need to question himself as to the cause of this rousing din. The Garibaldians with their cat-like movements had stolen down upon the sleeping town, and the battle at the gates had begun.

Phayre's first thought was of Scamozzi. He went across to their bedroom to see if perchance his friend might have come in while he was asleep, and gone to bed without disturbing him. But the coverlets were unturned on both beds, and neither Scamozzi himself, nor any token of him, was there.

Phayre returned to the sitting-room, and getting out on to the balcony, looked down the street. It was already aroused from end to end, and the faces of most of the persons who showed themselves, at their doors, or windows, or on their balconies, exhibited no small degree of consternation. Had the impatient rebel descended too quickly from his mountain lair? for there was every

sign that his arrival had created a panic in the town. Some were hurriedly fastening up their doors and shutters, and preparing to retire to their cellars,—there, no doubt, to consider the situation calmly, and think how best to receive their deliverer when he should have got over his little unpleasantness with the Bourbons at the Termini Gate.

Some had crept out into the street, and stood there looking this way and that, as though they would have liked both to run away and to return to the shelter of their houses, but did not know which was the more prudent course, and had not the courage for either.

Whether or no Phayre himself felt any alarm, it is probable that he shared something of the general bewilderment, for the noise of the fighting, mingled with a confused clamour of shouts, cheers, and cries, increased every moment; it was just that situation in which, of all others, the civilian feels himself most helpless and confounded.

But Phayre, who was neither idle nor cowardly by temperament, grew impatient of the constraint of his balcony, and hurried downstairs to let himself out of the house. To his surprise, he found that he was a complete prisoner. The old Lucia, hearing Scamozzi's steps as he left the house at midnight, had concluded, doubtless, that his friend had gone out with him; and at the first sound of the firing had made off to her own home, not, however, without first doing her best to secure the safety of Scamozzi's, by barring and piling furniture against the street door, and fastening the ground-floor shutters from the outside.

Phayre, baffled and annoyed, returned upstairs, and on to the balcony again.

The street was now in a state of desperate confusion, and a curious and striking sight it presented in the grey light of morning. Soldiers and civilians thronged the narrow roadway, and were mixed up together in the strangest pell-mell. Many of the soldiers seemed almost as much bewildered as the rest, tightening their belts and getting their muskets ready, as they hurried along in straggling order to the gate where, with an ever-rising clangour, the fight was continually progressing. Women were running this way and that, with children in their arms, no one paying heed to their looks of terror or their cries. Priests, with their long robes gathered tightly about them, a nun or two (got out somehow from their convents), civilians of both sexes, and all ranks and ages, made up the throng. The people threw themselves amongst the soldiers, impeding their march, and were repulsed roughly and with oaths.

On both sides of the street the people were making rude and hasty attempts to put their houses in a state of defence; shopkeepers were affixing placards to their doors and shutters, announcing themselves foreigners, in the hope that this device would save their goods from pillage; and some could be seen rushing from one room to another in their houses, in the evident act of collecting their money and valuables. Here stood a whole family, who, made foolish by fright, had dragged all the best of their furniture into the

street, and remained huddled together amid a little pile of bedsteads, chairs, and tables. In the midst of the *mêlée* appeared suddenly the first actual token of the fight itself—four soldiers carrying a wounded comrade, whose blood, and his pale face with the eyelids closed, made the soft-hearted people forget that he was an enemy.

Then, for a time, a kind of order was restored amongst the frightened people. More troops came up, under better control than the first, and went down the street at the double. The noise of the firing drew nearer, as though the Garibaldians were beginning to force their way into the town. Phayre, knowing with what overwhelming odds they were contending, wondered whether this could really be. Then an irresistible desire of activity took possession of him. Let the course of the fight be what it might, he must go down and take part in it: all his irresolution, his uncertainty of purpose, his continuous shiftings of mind, resolved themselves suddenly thus. At first he tried to persuade himself that he merely wanted to find Scamozzi, but in reality he was tingling with the excitement of battle.

Where could Scamozzi be, though? He was the last man in the world to quit a friend in danger, and Phayre was genuinely uneasy on his account, until he considered that in all likelihood the hasty opening of the engagement had called Scamozzi to duties in connection with the revolutionary movement in the town. He was not certain to what house the count had gone on the previous night, but he knew that the residence of one of the conspirators lay close to the Termini Gate, and if this had been the place chosen for the meeting, Scamozzi and his friends had doubtless been able to join the insurgent party, and throw themselves into the fight almost at its outset. This, in fact, was precisely what had happened, as Phayre himself was to learn later in the day.

Before he could do anything else, however, he must get himself out of the house. He had a pair of pistols with him in a case, and with these and a few cartridges he went downstairs again. The door of the house was barred on the inside, and locked, but the key had been removed. Lucia therefore, after making all fast within, must have effected her own escape by one of the lower windows, from which the street was very easily reached. Drawing back the bolts, he applied a pistol to the lock, blew it open, and was in the street immediately. As he set foot in it, a deep booming sound, entirely unlike the rattle of musketry, fell on his ear, a black mass hurtled through the air over his head, and a shell fell and burst with a crash on the roof of a neighbouring house. This was a new terror that had opened for the townspeople; the Royalist fleet and forts had begun to bombard the town.

"Rascals!" exclaimed Phayre beneath his breath, and his indignation against the Bourbons waxed hotter.

His pistol still smoking in his hand, he set off at once in the direction in which he knew the Termini Gate to lie. Within a minute of the first bomb, a second came flying through the air; it burst in the street a couple of hundred yards in

front of Phayre, and he saw the fragments tearing through the doors and shutters of houses on either side. The more defenceless sort of people, who had been running aimlessly about the streets in mere wild terror, were now running blindly to be out of reach of the shells. The aspect of some of these was pitiable in the extreme, as they cast their glances now on this side and now on that, and saw every house with its doors and shutters barred. Some who had left their own homes far behind them in their flight, ran from door to door, clamouring with hand and voice to be admitted; but no one opened to them.

Phayre held on his way, having but a vague idea whither he was going, and trusting chiefly to the guidance of his ears, which told him that the scene of battle was not far distant.

The sun was up; it was Sunday morning; but in the towers of the churches the bells were silent all. Some of those towers indeed were rocking to the sound of another music, and the shattered bells of others had rung their last peal. Shells were falling on the town now at regular intervals of a minute, houses fired by them were already in flames, the air grew hot and stifling, and burning splinters flying here and there, and falling stones and timbers, added to the dangers of the streets.

Along the street that Phayre was traversing came a monk, walking rapidly, his garments flying behind him, holding up a crucifix in his hand. He was calling on all whom he met to run to the gates, and help the soldiers to kill the rebel Garibaldians. Some women, who perceived that this priest had at all events a head on his shoulders, and his wits about him, flung themselves before him, asking where they should fly, and imploring his protection.

"If you want safety," exclaimed the priest, "do as I tell you! Is this a time to be crying in the streets? To the gates all of you, men as well as women, and fight against the infidel and rebel, Garibaldi. If you let him into the town you will be massacred, every one of you, and you will deserve it! Fight for King Francis and the Church; there is no other safety for you!"

At this instant a roar of musketry broke at the farther end of the street; a party of the Royalist soldiers turned the corner of it, backwards, fighting hand to hand with the red-shirted Garibaldians, who were pushing them inch by inch up the street. A stray bullet came with a hiss and a whistle and took the priest full in the throat. He fell dead almost at Phayre's feet, clutching his crucifix convulsively to his breast as his body struck the ground.

A very thrilling deed followed. A tall girl, of one or two and twenty, fair for an Italian, with a slender nervous figure, and a pale oval face, appeared suddenly beside the figure of the fallen priest. If she had been there before no one had noticed her. She was dressed all in black, but had a morsel of red ribbon, like the ribbon of a soldier's medal, sewn on her breast. Stooping over the dead monk, she snatched the crucifix from his hand and waved it aloft.

"The death of a traitor!" she cried, "and to every traitor to the cause of Italy let death come

as swiftly! Garibaldi is no infidel; he loves God better than the priests do! He is no rebel; he fights for his king and for yours—for Victor Emmanuel, the Italian, who will soon be king of all Italy! Go to the gates as this priest bade you, but fight for Garibaldi, and not for the Bourbon tyrant, Francis!"

The large eyes of the girl, full of fire and high courage, flamed as she spoke; she looked, with her tall thin figure, like the spirit of patriotism incarnate.

"Evviva!" shouted Phayre, carried out of himself by the spectacle of the girl's bravery. "The signora is right. The word for you is 'Garibaldi and liberty!' You are cowards if you do not obey her!"

Up the street, from the end opposite to that at which the fight was taking place, a fresh troop of the king's soldiers came at a trot, led by a fine-looking young officer, of about the same age as Phayre.

The girl had no sooner spoken than she was known. Several voices exclaimed, "It is the Signorina Vannucci. Her father was killed in the cause. There is no truer patriot in Italy. An Evviva for the signora!"

"Halt!" cried the young officer to his men.

He had heard the words of the last speakers, and had apparently heard besides, or caught the drift of, the speech of the Signorina Vannucci. He looked at the girl and she at him; he looked from her to the people gathered about her, but appeared entirely contemptuous of the menacing attitude exhibited by them. A single glance only had passed between him and the girl, but it showed to any who had skill to decipher such communications that the two were known to each other. Some bond existed between the Royalist officer and the girl who had given her voice so valiantly on the side of the insurgents. What passed in the officer's mind, who could tell? but it was evident that a struggle had place there. It finished, and he said,

"Arrest that signora! She has spoken treason against the king, and is inciting the people to rebellion."

A howl arose from the townspeople, and some who had weapons advanced and brandished them fiercely, gesticulating and shrieking all manner of defiance at the soldiers, who prepared, with evident goodwill, to give them the contents of their muskets. The Signorina Vannucci, who no longer looked at the officer, remained perfectly quiet.

A soldier ran out of the ranks and laid his hand upon her, and a couple of his comrades followed him; but Phayre, seizing the first man round the waist, swung him backwards, and dealt him at the same time a blow between the eyes, which sent him sprawling to the ground.

A scream of delight rose from all the Palermians, but the soldiers shouted in a different key; the interest of the scene was now transferred from the lady to her protector.

"*Forestiere! Spio!*" (Foreigner! Spy!) cried the soldiers.

"Take that signor a prisoner and carry him to the rear," said the officer.

"*Via, sciocchezze!*" (Nonsense!) exclaimed Phayre. "I am not a spy, and I will not be made a prisoner!"

The soldiers closed around him, and some fifty or more of the townspeople flung themselves upon the soldiers. Phayre's anxiety was wholly for the girl in whose behalf he had interfered, but he had been carried completely beyond her, and in the surge and swell of this new movement she was lost to sight in a moment.

And now the soldiers amongst whom Phayre was struggling, and the other regiment of Royalists who were slowly retreating up the street before the Garibaldians, came together; the weight of the new body arrested the progress of the insurgents, and the whole mass, locked together, tussled, heaved, and swayed in the narrow streets.

The Garibaldians, fighting like cats, literally leaped upon the Royalists. It was cut and thrust with them every second; clenched teeth, an unflinching eye, always a step forward, and ranks tight as though a framework of steel had them all gripped together. The Royalists, who fought doggedly and with admirable bravery, but with nothing of the indescribable *verve* and feline rapidity of their assailants, continued slowly to retreat. There was little noise now but the clash of steel and the horrible crunching sounds which the extreme closeness of the struggle, in such a narrow space, produced; men with wounds uttered scarcely a cry. A lithe red-shirt in command of the Garibaldians, whose sword was bent and red from hilt to point, called on his men for another charge. There was a lowering of steel, a tremendous heave forward, a trumpet shout from all the Garibaldians together, and they swept the Royalists before them. Phayre was borne onward in the rush, his head sickening from a blow with the butt-end of a musket; then, with others, he was forced backwards up the steps of a church, and falling there, just within the open door, he became unconscious. The fight swept on down the street.

CHAPTER VII.—THE BURNING HOUSE.

EVENING had come on when Phayre awoke to consciousness, amid the dusky quiet of the church across whose threshold he had fallen. He sat up on the chilly flags, stiff and sore all over, but satisfied at once that he had no wounds to glory in. Out in the street it was rapidly growing dark, so he knew that he must have been lying insensible for a considerable number of hours. This made him annoyed with himself, for he thought that a good rebel in the cause of freedom would not have allowed a mere knock on the head to put him *hors de combat* for a single hour. He took out his watch, but found that it had stopped at midday. His senses being now fully awake, he noticed with surprise that a silence the most absolute had fallen on the town, or at all events on

that part of it in which he was. What had happened?

The fight was evidently at an end, and Phayre concluded, with a feeling of dismay, that the Royalists, with their vast superiority of numbers, had gained the day and driven the Garibaldians out of the town. A Garibaldian victory would surely have set ringing every bell which the bombs had spared, and given a voice to the timidest town-folk who had spent the hours of the fight in the seclusion of their cellars. And if the battle had gone against the red-shirts, what had been the fate of Scamozzi?

Nothing was to be learned here, at any rate, and the dark church was as dismal a sanctuary as might be. Pushing out a hand to assist him to rise for his limbs felt chill and

dious feeling, shrank from the touch; then, chiding himself for an unworthy qualm, he moved nearer



THE SIGNORINA VANNUCCI.

and bent over the body. It was that of the soldier who had first stepped out from the ranks to arrest the Signorina Vannucci, and whom Phayre had struck down in that attempt. The poor fellow's jaw had been nearly carried away by a bullet, and a sword-thrust had laid open his left thigh. His musket, with the bayonet fixed, had fallen across his body.

The musket reminded Phayre of the weapons with which he had left his lodgings in the morning, and, feeling about him, he found that both his pistols were gone. Alone and unarmed in the midst of a town which, if he were correct in his surmise as to the events of the day, was now doubly hostile to him, he realised the insecurity of his position. Conquering, therefore, his repugnance to the act, he stooped over the dead Royalist, unbuckled the belt from his waist, and strapped it about his own. Then loosening the bayonet from the musket, he slipped it into the belt, and descended the steps of the church.

cramped, it came in contact with the cold, moist features of a dead soldier. Phayre, with his fasti-

What had become of the girl whose would-be captor he had just despoiled? The question flashed upon him with sharp significance of pain when, in the moment of setting foot in the street, he saw, outstretched beneath a shattered door opposite to him, the dead body of some young woman whom a bullet had overtaken in her flight. Yes; this street must have meant death to any defenceless creature who had been in it at the instant when Phayre was surrounded, for at that instant a hail of shot had blinded it from end to end.

He went to the spot at which he had last seen her, but though the street was strewn with tokens of the fight, and there were many dead bodies, of civilians, as well as of the soldiers on both sides, he found nothing that spoke to him of the Signorina Vannucci.

A party of soldiers appeared in the distance, coming with lanterns to look for the wounded, but as Phayre could not tell at a glance whether they were friends or foes, and his impression still was that the Royalists held the town, he turned and retraced his steps.

In a few moments he realised that he was fairly lost. The town was a complete labyrinth to him, and one street appeared the facsimile of all the rest. An appalling silence held this quarter for its own. "The smell of gunpowder," thought Phayre, "has been very unpopular hereabouts." Some of the houses were shattered almost to pieces; all of them showed blank fronts and a tomblike stillness. He could not ask his way, for he met none but dead creatures. The emptiness of desolation filled the whole quarter.

Then the silence was broken by a long, low boom, familiar to Phayre's ears by this time, and high overhead, through the clear evening air, a 13-inch shell went sailing along, on the lookout for something to wreck. It burst before it had found a mark, and a fragment fell close to where Phayre was walking. What did this mean?

The Royalist fleet could scarcely be amusing itself by recommencing the bombardment of a town held by its own soldiers. Were the Garibaldians still in Palermo after all? and had they silenced everything except the forts and the fleet? Then a distant rattle of musketry arose, followed presently by another shell. The firing, however,

ceased almost immediately. Altogether it was puzzling.

Baffled in his search for the homeward path, Phayre pulled up for a moment, conscious of a certain ironic humour in the situation. In all probability his yacht, with his own men on board, was lying snugly at anchor within a mile of where he stood. The captain was enjoying his after-supper pipe in Phayre's cane chair on the deck, and the men were having a little grog served out to them to keep them from brooding too much over the fate of their master. The master himself was hopelessly lost in a town of which at that moment he seemed to be the only live inhabitant, going up and down under the trail of flying bombs, which had no reason for not lighting upon his head, unless that they disregarded such insignificant prey.

On he went again, confident that he must put himself in the right track presently. While casting here and there for the path he could not light upon—the fact being that his footsteps were making a series of circles in one small quarter of the town—his ear was caught by a rushing noise of flames.

Turning into a street close at hand, he beheld a large old house, apparently just fired by a shell, the upper portion of which was already burning fiercely. There was a kind of solitary grandeur in the spectacle, which was the more impressive that it had but a single spectator; for such a scene would, in ordinary circumstances, have called into play around it all the human activity of the quarter. But the house blazed as freely as the burning bush of Moses, and no one came out to hinder the flames. As Phayre looked, however, he saw with surprise that there was a light in one of the windows on the first floor. Had the occupants of the house fled from it but a moment before, leaving their lamp burning, or was there some sick or helpless creature in the room, who could neither escape nor call for aid?

This thought had no sooner crossed Phayre's mind than he ran hastily over the road with the intention of entering the burning house. As he reached it, a woman stepped out on to the balcony from the room in which the light was, and cast a frightened glance down the street.

Looking up, Phayre recognised the Signorina Vannucci.



RICHMOND PARK.

I.—HISTORICAL ASSOCIATIONS.



PEMBROKE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.

THERE are few spots which can rival Richmond in the number and variety of its attractions. The discussions relating to the purchase, by the town, of the Buccleuch estate (to be in future known as "The Terrace Gardens") made it evident that the preservation of the view from the Terrace was a question which interested not only the country at large, but lovers of the beautiful in all parts of the world. Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, in his evidence on the subject, said (and with him may be named other eminent artists, and in particular Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., who wrote, "It is the loveliest spot in all England," and Mr. W. Holman Hunt), "It is a view which is one of my greatest

solaces after a weary day's work. It is a view which is famous all the world over, which is enshrined in our literature and art, and Englishmen all the world over are proud of it. People come from the antipodes to see it. It is the property of all of us, as it is our pride. People flock into Richmond from all parts of the world to see it."

But the natural beauties of Richmond are accompanied by historical associations of rich, diverse, and enduring interest. It speaks as much to the imagination as to the senses. The very air is charged, as by vivifying ozone, with a crowded and distinguished past. Names of illustrious

¹ "Richmond and Twickenham Times," 23th August, 1866.

monarchs, statesmen, judges, churchmen, warriors, poets, actors, and painters reach the ear wherever we stand and wherever we look. Gilbert Wakefield, the eminent classic and theologian, who lies in the parish churchyard with his father and his brother (who were successively ministers of the parish), may well call it "this Elysium of England,"¹ and the park "this terrestrial paradise."

And yet the visible memorials of its splendid past are but few. Of the palace of Henry VII, described by John Aubrey, F.R.S.,² as "a splendid and magnificent house which was after the most exquisite way of architecture of that age such as Henry VII's Chapel at Westminster," there remains entire but an arch, and a room over it, and at their junction the battered sculpture of the royal arms as used by him. Not a vestige can be found of the convent of "Observant Friars," a branch of Franciscans thus distinguished from "Conventual" Friars because these accepted certain relaxations of their "rule" which the "Observants or Recollects" adhered to and "observed,"³ founded by the same monarch and built close to the southern end of his palace, except in the name of a narrow street from which no doubt it was entered—Friar's Lane. Nor is there a brick left to show where stood, in what is now known as "the Old Deer Park," the grand monastery for Carthusian monks of "the House of Jesus of Bethlehem at Shene," erected and endowed by Henry V, the hero of Agincourt, and alluded to by Shakespeare, as also the twin convent of Nuns of St. Bridget, on the site of Syon House, on the other side of the river, in the impassioned prayer of Henry (Henry V, Act IV, scene 1). Still more remarkable is the complete erasure from the same park of Queen Caroline's residence (wife of George II), with its far-famed artificial adjuncts of Grotto, Hermitage, Museum, and Menageries, eulogised in some seven special poems of the time.⁴ In place, however, of ruins there are names of streets to testify to departed glories. What a cluster of them! George Street (after the Hanoverian kings), King Street, Duke Street, Maid of Honour Row, King's Road, Queen's Road, Prince's Road, and the broad avenue in the park known variously as the Queen's Walk, Ride, and Drive. And close by is Kingston, with its coronation stone, of which ancient chroniclers record that seven at least of our Saxon kings sat upon it when crowned.

The two names of the town itself (alas! it is no longer a village) represent its chief characteristics of natural beauty and royal history. Sheen it is called in Domesday Book,⁵ and the Manor of West Sheen it is still designated in legal documents, and Richmond (final form of Rychemonde, Rychemount, and Richemont) as it was named by Henry VII in perpetuation

of his own and his father's title of Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire.¹ The reader scarcely needs to be reminded of the relationship of Shene with the word shine, and that it represents what is bright or brilliant. Thus in the well-known lyric of Byron, "The sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea." Possibly there is no special sense intended beyond that of resplendent beauty, but it is a remarkable circumstance that the registers of sunshine show that Richmond is one of the sunniest if not the sunniest place in the United Kingdom.

Those pleasurable characteristics culminate in Richmond Park. It is a gallery of beautiful landscapes, but it ought also to be to the visitor an illustrated volume of the History of England. In order that it may be thus he must at the onset guard himself against certain confusions of thought into which he is almost sure to be beguiled. Even the best guide-books will mislead him. He must distinctly separate the New Park, or Richmond Park proper, from the Old Deer Park at the other extremity of the town, on which there only stands the Astronomical Observatory, built by George III, and now employed for other scientific purposes. This confusion seems to arise from the curious fact that all the ancient residences of the Richmond Parks are called "Lodges"—probably because the original buildings were erected for and occupied by the park-keepers.

Most likely it was thus that the great Sir Walter Scott was led into a mistake which has been perpetuated in most of the books written about the park. Queen Caroline, as has been stated, lived in the Old Park. Her favourite residence was Richmond Lodge, or the Lodge in Richmond Gardens (occupied as tenant in 1718, purchased in 1719), but at the same time there was in the New or present Richmond Park another lodge known as the Royal or the Stone Lodge (now White Lodge), and near to it was again another Lodge (pulled down some fifty years ago), called first the Great Lodge, and after the erection of the Stone Lodge the Old Lodge. It is interesting to notice the particulars of Sir Walter's mistake, for they have to do with actual history.

The facts on which are based the wondrous story of "The Heart of Midlothian" belong to the year 1736. Briefly stated, a peasant woman's sister was condemned to death for alleged child murder, and the sister walked barefoot to London and obtained a pardon through the interposition of John second Duke of Argyll. Sir Walter does not set aside possibilities, or even probabilities, in those embellishments of the facts with which we have now to do. The interview with Queen Caroline² might have taken place, and it is not unlikely that it did. The Queen's influence on her unworthy husband was supreme, and to gain her favour on such a question would ensure success; and Scott shows that the duke had means of access to her Majesty through the obligations to him of the

¹ Memoirs, vol. i, p. 257.

² "The Natural History and Antiquities of Surrey." 5 vols. 1673 to 1719. Vol. i, p. 58.

³ Manning and Bray's "History of Surrey." 3 vols. imp. fol. Vol. i, p. 423. Henry VII established six houses of the Order.

⁴ Manning's History, vol. iii, p. 696.

⁵ Paper by Mr. W. Chapman, read at a meeting of the Surrey Archaeological Society held at Richmond, July, 1859.

¹ The town arms of Richmond are consequently the Tudor Arms, as used by Henry VII.

² "The Heart of Midlothian," Black's edition, 1836, p. 382.

notorious Lady Suffolk, who accompanies the Queen in the interview. Moreover, that the interview should be in the open air, and at a secluded spot, was necessary to the artistic completeness of the story. The duke was manifestly

it was the poor woman "in her tartan plaid" did not know till the interview had ended that her appeal had been made to the Queen.

But where did the interview take place? Evidently it must have been in the New or Rich-



PLAN OF RICHMOND PARK AS IT IS.

DISTANCES FROM RICHMOND GATE.

By carriage road to East Sheen Gate, 1 mile 5 fur. 40 yds.
 " Roehampton Gate, 1 mile 6 fur. 37 yds.
 " Robin Hood Gate, by White Lodge, 2 miles 6 fur. 71 yds.
 " Kingston Gate, by Lower Road, 2 miles 1 fur. 138 yds.
 " Upper Road, 2 miles 4 fur.

By carriage road to Ham Gate, 1 mile 4 fur. 21 yds.
 " Roehampton Gate, and on to Robin Hood and Kingston Gates, returning to Richmond Gate, 6 miles 6 fur. 84 yds.
 By footpath, by the Ponds, to Robin Hood Gate, 1 mile 7 fur. 168 yds.
 " to Ladder-stile Gate, 1 mile 7 fur. 167 yds.
 " to Hornbeam Walk, 5 fur. 66 yds.

anxious that the peasant woman, whose cause he had undertaken, should tell her pathetic story without the restraints which would spoil it were she aware that she was addressing the Queen of England. Had she been taken to the residence of the Queen, or within sight of the fantastic show places which made it famous, she would have known that she was addressing royalty. As

mond Park. The description of the scene as an alley, and one sylvan and not palatial, and of the approach to it by way of the famous terrace view, seems to make it certain that the scene was laid in the Queen's Walk or Ride. But then Sir Walter, after his account of it, writes of "Richmond Park, so long the favourite residence of Queen Caroline." Had he written "resort"

instead of "residence" the story would have been perfectly consistent.¹ There is not only no record that she ever spent a night in *this* park, but there was not a house in it which she could have occupied. The Royal Lodge was at this time, and long after, really but a hunting-box, as will hereafter be explained.² But the park was a "favourite resort." She had a private road to it from her palace, still indicated by an avenue of eighteen trees³ at the north end of Sheen Common, leading to a gate to the park still used, and marked in a map of the park dated 1771 as "Queen's Private Gate," and thus she was accustomed to enter the park to hunt where she "frequently hunted,"⁴ and her fondness for a particular avenue is represented by the name it still bears of the Queen's Walk or Ride.

Similarly has another inaccuracy become a tradition. Reference has been made to the room over the gateway of Henry VII's palace. In some books about Richmond, Queen Elizabeth is declared to have died there—a most extraordinary notion, considering its position and size. In the greater number of them it is made the scene of the well-known interview of the Queen with the dying Countess of Nottingham—in which the countess was so roughly dealt with (and deservedly) for her treacherous conduct in the matter of the Earl of Essex's ring; but in Brayley's "History" (vol. iii, p. 103), the tradition is pronounced an "absurd story," and it is stated that the Countess died at Arundel House, London, in 1603, as appears from the parish register of Chelsea, where she was buried.⁵ The great Queen, however, did herself die in this palace (1603), and a distressing end it was—in the same year, it will be observed, as the countess, whose tragic confession no doubt hastened and embittered it. Here also died two other of our sovereigns—Edward III, in 1377, in miserable isolation, and chiefly, it is said, through excessive grief for the death of his son the Black Prince, and Henry VII, in 1509. There is evidence that nearly every one of our kings, from Edward I to Charles II, lived more or less at what was originally the Manor House of West Sheen, and then Richmond Palace. Henry V was the first to make it this, but it did not reach its full splendours till rebuilt by Henry VII, in 1498, after a disastrous fire.

But to return to the park. We have first to realise it as a wild waste belonging to the Royal Manor of East Sheen. In those days it was doubtless a region of extended swamps and trackless woods—probably the haunt of the daring wild boar and the ravening wolf. It was known as Sheen Chase, and may have been a hunting-ground in the reign of Henry VIII, for a record is quoted in Chancellor's "Historical Richmond" (1885, p. 200) as belonging to the year 1528, that it was ordered that "the French ambassador, who

was lodged at Richmond, might hunt in every one of the King's parks there."

Henry VIII is further identified with the park by the designation of Henry VIII's Mound, applied to a small and abrupt elevation near the stables of Pembroke Lodge. Tragical as is the reference in this designation, there is something amusing in the variations of the tradition belonging to it. Poor Anne Bolleyn was beheaded at noon on 19th May, 1536. The evening of that day was spent by the King at a revel sixty miles away from Richmond, and, according to some authorities, he proceeded on that day to the place from Windsor, and there on the next day he married Jane Seymour. No doubt he wished to be sure on the 19th that Anne was dead, and, to fit in with this anxiety, he is represented as standing at noon on this mound, and eagerly watching for a signal from the Tower to announce that the execution was over. The amusing part of the story is as to this signal. Some tell us it was the sound of a gun, others the flash from the gun; one that it was a black flag, and Dr. Evans¹ that it was the rising of a rocket, and Edward Jessie² after him. Miss Strickland mentions³ both signal-gun and a flag on the spire of Old St. Paul's! It seems that when the trees about are bare the Tower is visible from the mound, but the distance as the crow flies must be eleven miles. Would the sound of the artillery of those times be heard at that distance? Would the flash from a gun, or even the bursting of a rocket, so far off, be visible at noon-day in the month of May? The visionary character of the story is confirmed by the fact that the same tradition has been long attached to high grounds near Epping Forest. On the other hand, in the oldest map of Richmond Park, dated 1637, which I have had the good fortune to secure for publication, this site is named "The King's Standinge." This *may* be a reference to the legend about Henry VIII, but is it not more probable that it refers to the then reigning King, Charles I, who in that year completed the enclosure of the park? Near to the site thus indicated are three different plots named, with "Rex" prefixed.⁴ As the spot is the highest ground in the park, it may have been the King's standpoint for survey of the entire ground, and for issue accordingly of his commands.

There is another historical name connected with a mound in the park, and it is that of Oliver Cromwell. Mr. Walford⁵ identifies this mound with "Henry VIII's Mound," and in this he follows a guide-book published in 1851, written by a lady whose family has been officially employed in the park for three generations. But the Ordnance map fixes the site of "Oliver's Mount" in Sidmouth Wood, and the guide-books generally describe it as a spot near the Sidmouth Wood,

¹ See testimony of Horace Walpole.

² Devan's "Tourists' Guide to Surrey," p. 52. There are the same number now (1887), fifteen elms and three Spanish chestnuts (an old inhabitant remembers a like avenue continued on the other side of the Mortlake Road).

³ Brayley's "Topographical History of Surrey," 1841, vol. iii, p. 70.

⁴ See "Land We Live in," vol. i, p. 60.

⁵ "Greater London," vol. ii, p. 339.

¹ "Richmond and its Vicinity," 1825.

² "Gleanings," 3rd series, p. 230. So also "Land we Live in," vol. i, p. 61, and Brayley, vol. iii, p. 70.

³ "Queens of England," 1880, vol. ii, p. 275.

⁴ The same prefix occurs in two other instances in another part of this map. Observe also that the "White Conduit" of this map becomes the "Conduit Wood" of the map of 1887, and that in the ancient map there are no fewer than three references to sites for the gallows.

⁵ "Greater London," vol. ii, p. 355.

which is crossed by the road from Richmond Hill Gate to Roehampton Gate. In the plans also of Richmond Park of 1754 and 1771¹ it is placed at some little distance from this wood, and as distinctly separate from Henry VIII's Mound. But why is it called "Oliver's Mount"? Some tell us because here stood Oliver Cromwell to watch one of the numerous battles or skirmishes of his times. But there is no record of any such encounter visible from this point; and if there had been we may be quite sure that the great soldier would not have been content to watch it, but would have been in the thickest of the fight. Others say it must be so called because he once encamped there. Of course this is possible. But is there not a far more likely explanation? In Manning's History² the name of Oliver is given (Jordan and Walter Oliver are specified) as the surname of a family to which the manorship of West Sheen descended by marriage with the stock of the original owner, Belet, who received it as "cupbearer" to Henry I, and an "Oliver" descended from a daughter of Belet is mentioned in the list of the lords of the manor as being "cupbearer to the King" in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of Henry III. Is it not much more likely that the mound received its designation from this surname than from the baptismal name of the great Protector? The probability seems to be that by some occurrence in which the Olivers were concerned relating to this elevation, it received their name, and that when they and the occurrence disappeared from history, while the designation of the mound survived, it was associated, in the natural desire for an explanation of its use, with such a celebrity as Oliver Cromwell.³

But to return to authentic history. It is to Charles I we owe the transformation of the wilderness of East Sheen into the glades of Richmond Park. Here was a tract of waste lands, belonging to the crown, consisting in part of soaking bogs and in part of neglected forests; the very place, if drained and enlarged, for a glorious hunting ground. Charles had a palace at Richmond and another at Hampton Court, and each had its pleasure park, but the chase was a right royal pastime, and that he may have this kingly entertainment he must possess a much more spacious park, and stocked with red and fallow deer. Extensive though the crown lands are they are not enough; the neighbours, willing or not willing, must therefore contribute their broad acres to the king's land, and in the face of resistance from some of the landowners, protest from the City of London, and remonstrance from his own great officers of state, the headstrong monarch, believing in the divine right of kings, runs a brick wall over whatever land he wants, and finally, in 1637, he completely encloses his park. Let the reader refer to the ancient map of the park, now, by permission of H. M. Commissioners for Works and Public Buildings, first published, and he will, no

doubt, see among the plots of ground which are distinguished and their owners named the portions which were appropriated by the King without consent of their owners.⁴ It is true compensation was afterwards paid to all whose property had been alienated, and gates were erected at convenient places in the wall, and step-ladders fixed for foot-passengers, and the poor of the parishes concerned were still allowed to retain their perquisites of firewood, but the transaction was one of the many examples of the dominating temper which ended in the dethronement and extinction of the Stuart dynasty. No fewer than six parishes are in consequence of these arbitrary proceedings represented in the park, namely—Mortlake, Ham, Petersham, Putney (including Wimbledon), Kingston, and Richmond. The authorities differ, but according to Manning² the largest contribution is from Mortlake, 650 acres, and the smallest Richmond, about 100. Ham supplies 483, Petersham 265, Putney 230, and Kingston about 200. A noble stretch of country it is indeed! As to the exact circumference the figures given vary from seven to eleven miles, but on the personal testimony of an official who has more than once helped to measure the boundary-wall, which includes Petersham Park and the paddocks or meadows from which the public are excluded—the carriage-drive round the park is six miles six furlongs and eighty-four yards—it is all but nine miles, and the area, according to the Ordnance survey, is 2,015 acres, though the old survey puts it at 2,250. According to the elegant volume entitled "Richmond Park," published in 1883 by "authority of the Corporation of London," and edited by the late City solicitor, Sir T. J. Nelson, all the parks of London and its immediate suburbs put together, viz., Greenwich, Battersea, Finsbury, West Ham, Victoria, Southwark, Hyde, Green, St. James', Regent's Parks, and the Kensington Gardens, are in their total area only about equal to that of Richmond Park. Epping Forest and Windsor Parks are the only larger parks near London. The open spaces between Putney and Hampton Court, including those of Richmond, amount in all to no less than 5,541 acres, nearly the entire extent of Epping Forest.

The unfortunate King did not long enjoy the pleasures of his new park. Within ten years from its enclosure he was a prisoner, and two years after this he was beheaded. With the rise to power of the Commonwealth there came for the park a change of masters. The Parliament, as now the owners of Crown property, handed the park over to the Corporation of London. The particulars of this transfer are given in the dainty volume

¹ The following is the endorsement on this ancient map, which our readers will perceive is a document of historical importance.

"Note.—This platt beinge made certayne years before ye erectinge of his Maj^{ties} Newe Park walle. The Scite and true Compas of ye sayd wall is at the limit nowe layed downe hearin and distinguished by a green couller, in January A^o. D^o. 1637.

"J. N. LANE.

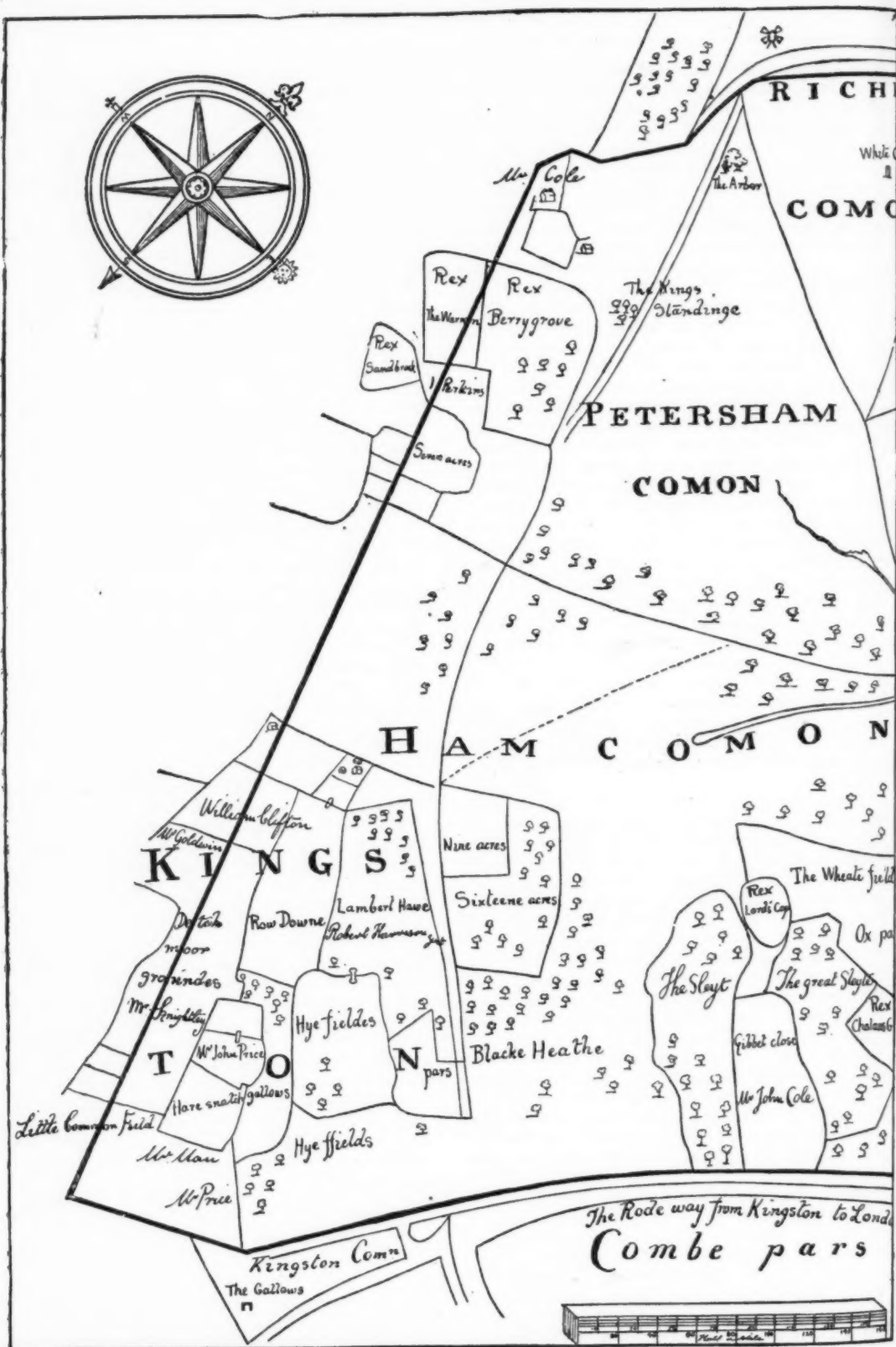
"And ye part of Comon or waste left out on ye South of ye walle towards Beverley Bridge between ye five Roads and 1 ac. rd. p. ye hedge thereby f 11 3 20 Ye length of each confyninge line from Angle to Angle is sett down round by ye green line ye wh is ye true platt of ye wall accordinge unto ye plan of all ye land within ye same"

² Vol. i, p. 416

¹ "History of Richmond New Park," [Pamphlet] by a Resident,

² Vol. i, pp. 407-8.

³ There is an "Oliver's Mount" at Scarborough.



MAP OF RICHMOND PARK

Showing the enclosures made by Charles I.

already cited, entitled "Richmond Park." Grati-
fied though it was by the compliment thus paid, the
Corporation appears to have been thrilled with
delight by the news of the intended restoration of
the Stuarts. A deputation of fourteen of its mem-
bers was dispatched to attend Charles II at the
Hague (who knighted every one of the number),
and to present him with £10,000, and his two

brothers, the Dukes of York and of Gloucester,
with £1,000 each (£12,000 in all), and also
"present the newe parke to his Majesty, and
informe his Majesty that the City hath been only
his Mätyes stewards for the same"!¹

JOHN T. BEIGHTON.

¹ "Richmond Park," p. 36.

HYPNOTISM.

IN 1841 James Braid was in practice as a physi-
cian at Manchester. Thither came La Fon-
taine lecturing on mesmerism and performing
experiments of the familiar type, illustrating the
theory of the stronger will and the dominant idea.
Braid was interested in the lectures, suspected the
experiments to be impostures, and declared the
theory to be false. He worked at the subject
himself, and in the years following issued several
books containing most remarkable experiences
regarding what he called neuro-hypnotism, but
which after him was for a long time known as
Braidism, and is now described in all the dic-
tionaries and text-books as hypnotism.

Braid found that most of the phenomena could
be self-induced. That a man, so to speak,
could mesmerise himself by fixing his gaze on
some inanimate object, and concentrating his
attention. He thus, to his satisfaction, proved the
subjective nature of the influence. To talk of
animal magnetism from an inanimate object was
absurd. Braidism met with much opposition.
It was furiously attacked by the mesmerists, whose
very citadel it threatened, and it was received
with horror by a large section of the public, who
refused to believe in the possibility of its pheno-
mena.

There was no mystery as to the method of pro-
cedure. All that Braid did was to take any bright
object, such as his lancet-case, between the thumb
and fore and middle fingers of the left hand, and
hold it from eight to fifteen inches from the eyes
of the patient in such a position above the fore-
head as was necessary to produce the greatest
strain on the eyes and eyelids. On this bright
point the patient was to stare fixedly. In ordinary
cases in fifteen seconds, if the patient's limbs were
lifted they would evince a tendency to remain in
the position to which they had been raised; in a
few seconds more a strange feeling of exaltation
would spread through him; in a few seconds
more he would be asleep and insensible to pain.
It was this power of throwing a patient into in-
sensitivity to pain that encouraged Braid in his
researches. Hypnotism he sought to use as we
use chloroform; and, as a fact, hypnotism is
occasionally so used to-day in foreign countries.

There never is anything new, and, of course,
there was nothing new in Braid's discovery. The
magicians used to hypnotise their believers by
making them gaze at the scratches on the crystal

sphere. The Egyptian priests hypnotised theirs
by making them stare at the mystic signs on the
bright metal mirror. The anchorites lifted their
eyes fixedly to the firmament, and went off into
ecstasy. The monks of Mount Athos hung their
heads and looked navelwards until they felt their
senses swim away. And the Indian ascetics of
1887 gain hypnotic power by squinting at the
tips of their noses, as their ancestors have done
for ages.

Two hundred years ago and more Father
Kircher found that he could hypnotise a fowl, and
the experiment is still performed on many a ship's
deck. He tied the fowl's legs together, laid it on
a board, and drew a chalk line from each eye,
crossing a little in front of the beak; the bandage
was then removed from the legs, and the fowl
remained motionless — "Doubtless thinking the
chalk lines were strings," said the experimenter.
"Nothing of the sort," say those who have fol-
lowed him. Soon it was found that one chalk
line from the beak was as good as two from the
eyes; then it was found that the legs need not be
tied; now it seems that even the chalk line is un-
necessary. All that is wanted is "a convergence
of the visual axes;" once that is obtained for a
few seconds, even a blind man can be hypnotised.
Pigeons have been sent to sleep by sticking a
lump of putty on the end of the bill; ducks and
geese, like rabbits and frogs, by simply holding
them in a peculiar way. This holding seems to be
the true secret of dealing with animals. Hammond
caught hold of a score of crabs on a fishmonger's
stall, seizing them by their posterior swimmerets,
and stuck them up on their heads in a circle.
Hypnotise a crab in this way and he will allow
his limbs to be snipped off with the shears with-
out showing the slightest sense of pain. Czermak
took crayfish and stood them on their heads all of
a row, at first stroking them mesmerically, but
finding the effect quite as good without the passes.
As to mesmerising animals with the "passes,"
which, granting Braid's theory, is the same thing
as hypnotising them, there are innumerable ex-
amples. Dr. Wilson tried his hand in the Zoolo-
gical Gardens on horses, cows, calves, leopards,
lions, cats, dogs, pigs, turkeys, macaws, elephants,
and guinea-pigs. Like St. Ida, he sent to sleep
the roach and tench, and gudgeon and dace; like
Mr. Rarey, he tamed the fiery steed; and, like St.
Francis de Paul and the Rev. Mr. Bartlett, the

savage bull became as a lamb to him. The results were not all satisfactory, but the majority were. The iguana can be hypnotised, so can the cobra, so can the turtle. Secure their fixed attention for a minute or so, and they are helpless.

As it is with an animal so it is with a man. Hold his undivided attention for a short period and he will fall away into a state resembling catalepsy. Let him look at a glittering piece of glass, a diamond stud or an emerald pin, and before his eyes have begun to ache he will collapse. There is a case on record of a student who was told he would be hypnotised from a distance at four o'clock on a certain day. He was to look at the clock a little before, to see how the time was going. An umpire, a well-known physician, was told off to watch him. At a minute or two to four he looked at the clock, and his gaze became fixed, and as the clock struck he fell back as if he had been sent to sleep with full mesmeric honours.

It is possible to hypnotise by sound as well as by sight. Heidenhain set three chairs with their backs against a table. In the chairs he sat three men, and on the table behind them he laid his watch. Listening to the ticking all fell helpless. Even clicking the finger-nails, or saying hush-h-h, will send some people into a state in which no pain is felt. And a loud noise will have the same effect on others. At the Salpêtrière certain photographs had been stolen from a drawer in one of the wards. A patient had been accused of the theft, and denied it. One day Richer was experimenting in an adjoining ward, and suddenly struck a gong. A few minutes afterwards he opened the door, and there, hypnotised by that gong, stood the culprit, caught in the act. One hand was in the drawer, the other in her pocket with the photographs; she stood as in catalepsy, unable to move, fixed as a statue, that all might recognise the thief.

It is regrettable that mesmerism was ever used as a means of popular entertainment, and the door thus opened to doubt and collusion. The facts are remarkable enough without being hidden in a thicket of imposture. In a genuine experiment the patient's attention is secured by either gazing at the brilliant point or by making passes with the hands over the face without touching it, perhaps lightly closing the eyes and mouth and gently stroking the cheeks, or by combining the passes and the point. Once the patient is asleep he seems entirely in the power of the experimenter. He will eat potatoes for pears, ride chairs for horses, and drink ink for water. He will seemingly believe all he is told, and obey orders in everything. Tell him he is in the dissecting-room, and he will operate for any injury you point out to him; tell him he is in the Zoological Gardens you can make him imitate every animal there; tell him the lion is chasing him and his look will bear every appearance of terror.

He is dead to all sense of touch. You can run a pin into him up to its head and he will not notice it. And he will run a pin into himself if you order him to do so. His sense of smell varies at your will, and he will take strips of brown

paper for beautiful flowers, and make them up into a bouquet. Touch him in certain places, on the ball of the thumb for instance, and over his hands and legs and mouth and neck the muscles will become rigid; and in powerful persons the rigor will be so extreme that the body will become as stiff as a board, so that resting it on head and heels, with the middle unsupported, a heavy man sitting on it will make no impression, and "feel like a pillow."

Is the patient at the will of the operator? The facts are admitted by both sides, but the theory is bitterly disputed. The theory that carries most authorities denies the influence notion altogether. The sensory perceptions take place, we are told, but they are not converted into conscious ideas, and are not retained by the memory. The patient is in much the same state as a mother fallen asleep with her attention concentrated on her child, who will sleep through the greatest noise and fail to notice it, but she will wake the instant her child cries; or, to take another simile, he has lost the power of directing his attention to his sensations, just as conversation can go on around a man when he is at work and yet be unheeded by him. The mesmerist says the man mistakes the potato for the pear because he is influenced to do so, the hypnotist says he makes no mistake, but simply copies pantomime. The eyes are not quite closed, and the patient can see. The person tells him to chew the potato and goes through the action of chewing, and he copies it. He will copy any motion, but he does not really obey orders. Give the orders behind him, and he takes no notice of them. But walk in front of him and he will walk; stamp and he will stamp. He will move almost any muscle he sees you move. Strange to say, he cannot cough or sneeze; and stranger still, you can hypnotise one side of his face and not the other, so that with one side he will laugh, and with the other remain as grave as a judge.

There are, however, facts that do not come within the bounds of this theory. Berger found that by a light touch on the crown of the head a patient could be brought more under control. He could even be made to dream certain things he was told, and the dream would be repeated when in healthy sleep. By applying pressure with the warm hand to the neck in the region of the spinous processes of the lower cervical vertebrae the patient could be made to repeat words in any language, whether intelligible to him or not. Some patients cannot speak at all, others go deaf until they are told to hear again; others will stop in the middle of a word if ordered, and cannot be got to finish it. As a rule, there is no recollection of what has passed when in the sleep, but the remembrance awakes by suggestion. Sentences that have been repeated can be recalled if one of the words be given, conversations on certain substances have been described when something has been shown to give the necessary association of ideas.

The senses are not always deadened; sometimes they are quickened. The patient will sometimes suffer from hyperæsthesia of smell. Throw

down in a heap gloves, keys, books, or coins belonging to a mixed company, and he will smell them, and, after passing round the room, will recognise their owners by their characteristic odour. Sometimes the patient appears to know all that passes, but is too lazy to prevent his making himself ridiculous. He feels as if he were two selves, one knowing what is right, the other thinking it is not worth while to show it. He knows the pin is being driven into him, but does not think it worth notice; though when the pin is drawn out after he has awoke the pain is acute.

It does not suit everybody to hypnotise, nor does it suit everybody to be hypnotised. The beginner, "for fun," may find the patient go off into convulsions, and refuse to be "awakened by a tap or puff;" so it is best to leave experimenting to competent medical practitioners. When the patient can be hypnotised safely it is remarkable how great is the insensibility to pain, and on the Continent and in America operations have been performed when the patient is in the sleep which it is almost past belief could be worked through without awaking him. Here, again, under such circumstances, the knowledge of what is going on is not always dead; again we meet with experiences of the splitting up of self into two.

And with regard to this double self notion a strange story is told by Dr. Tuke, with which we may fitly end. A doctor who had devoted much attention to mental phenomena was travelling in Switzerland, and, after a hard day's work Alpine climbing, came to the inn late and could not get a bed. He was put to sleep in the bureau, where he was subject to many interruptions. He was very thirsty, and frequently had to get up to drink water. As he slept he dreamt, and this was his dream. He dreamt he had gone mad, and made all his arrangements to go to Bethlem Hospital. Then it occurred to him it would be better for him to die. Then the brain seemed to split, and the halves argued the matter out. One self asked the other self what he would die of; the other self suggested water on the brain or serous apoplexy. Serous apoplexy was chosen, and the one half died, going through all the proper stages. When the death was over the malignant self remarked that he would hold a post-mortem examination, and proceeded to do so. Then the sleeper saw his malignant self remove his calvarium and discover that he had got no brain at all, only a miserable bag of membrane. And then for the first time did he "realise what a swindle he had been all his life!"

A CONTRIBUTION TO IRISH HISTORY.

THE last report of the Royal Historical Manuscripts Commissioners is a valuable contribution to Irish history, both socially and politically. Politically, because it furnishes in the hitherto unpublished extracts from Lord Ormonde's muniments a fairly connected narrative of the Government administration in Ireland from 1666 to 1669, and also a nearly contemporary account of Irish affairs during the reigns of James II, William III, and Anne. Socially, because—from the calendar to the corporation records of Waterford and Galway—we get a curious glimpse into commercial life in Ireland during the Middle Ages.

In the Ormonde papers we find a register of the various petitions addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant, and a note of the proceedings taken thereon. A great many of the complaints are from the native population against the conduct of the English soldiers quartered upon them. Take, for instance, the petition of the inhabitants of the vill of Clonturk. The troops under Lord Brabazon's command had used for their horses some grazing land adjoining this town, but the "troopers never kept any one to watch their horses trespassing upon your petitioners' corne and grass . . . neither would they suffer your petitioners to watch." The result was that the horses "spoyled" above twenty acres of grain. Besides this, the soldiers cut and carried away the crop from six or seven acres of meadow. They had been constantly "intreated" to watch their horses, but had

refused to do so; and on those who endeavoured to protect their property they had "draune their swords and cut them." Into this and similar grievances the Government instituted a searching inquiry, and frequent instances will be found of the Castle authorities making good the losses sustained by the Irish peasantry from one cause or another. Lord Ormonde seems to have dealt leniently with unimportant persons arrested on charges of using seditious words, though in serious cases of incitement to rebellion by dangerous individuals he administered the law with a firm hand. There is also a good deal worth reading and noting in the Ormonde papers about the "toreys" and their doings, about the value of land ("mountaine land not worth sixpence an acre"), and about the relations existing between the Catholic and Protestant inhabitants of Ireland.

The sketch of Irish affairs from James II's time to the year 1711 is preserved amongst Lord Fingall's papers at Killeen Castle. It is an exceedingly interesting document, and in many respects of much historical value, for, despite the evident party colouring (the author was a zealous supporter of the Catholic party) given to the description of the incidents narrated, it contains much that is useful and apparently trustworthy in the shape of data and detail. The author, who was a member of the Plunket family, commences his work with observations on the change of

religion in England and its results. He then, after a retrospect of Irish affairs, describes the career of James II, and gives an account of various transactions of the times. These include notices of the siege of Londonderry, the state of affairs in different parts of Ireland, the visit of James II to that country, the Battle of the Boyne, the successful defence of Limerick against William III, and the Irish victory at Aughrim. Of this last battle he tells us that William's troops, after the capture of Athlone on the 30th of June, 1691, started in pursuit of the Irish troops on the 10th of July. They reached the camp at Aughrim on the 12th, "a little after six in the morning. Having rested a little while, the whole army was drawn up in two lines of battle." The writer thus describes the affray: "Both sides being fully prepared, action began a little after eleven, which mostly consisted in the playing of the artillery, and in skirmishes for gaining and defending some advanced posts and litel passes towards the right of the Irish, and which lasted thus till about six in the evening, when the main bodyes deeply engaged. In that while the English were first repulsed, and afterwards they acquired those outward places. I mean under the word English the forraigners also, who were the better moyety of the army. Both parties, to give them their due, contended with extraordinary valour, in so much that their combat was comely, amidst death and wounds, because fought with military skill." The height of the action was about six in the afternoon, "the main bodyes of foot on both sides then came to close fight, and sharpe it was." The English were driven back with great slaughter. Their general was confused by the turn events were taking, and seemed doubtful as to what orders to give. Remarking this, the Irish commander, General Saint-Ruth, exclaimed, "*La jour est a nous, mes infants!*" which the writer translates by a thoroughly native idiom, "*The day is our owne, my boyes!*" In the moment of victory Saint-Ruth was struck down by a cannon-ball. The author concludes his account of the battle by telling us that "in this longe and bloody strife, both on the field of bravery and in the accidental retreat, there was slain of the Irish officers and souldiers about 2,000, and 600 wounded. The wounded recovered soon almost all, and joyned the army at Lymerick within six weeks after." Towards the end of his narrative the writer supplies many curious details relative to James II in France, and he gives us a circumstantial account of the king's last illness and death at St. Germain's in 1701. The ms. is certainly of undoubted value as exhibiting the views and hopes of the adherents of James both in England and Ireland after his deposition. Oddly enough, it does not seem to have been examined by any English historic investigator except Sir James Mackintosh, who intended to have used it in the history of the revolution of 1688, at which he was engaged at the time of his death in 1832.

The illustrations of social life in Ireland which the report contains are, as previously observed, to be found in the descriptions of the records of Waterford and Galway. At the former place the

muniments relate to a period extending from the 12th to the 18th century. Waterford was a place of considerable importance before the year 1171, when Henry II selected it as his landing-place in Ireland. During succeeding centuries it was one of the chief trade centres in the west of Europe, and its citizens were noted for their adherence to the Government of England, for which they were rewarded by many valuable concessions. So early as 1384 the Corporation Statutes made it penal for any dweller within the town to "curse, defame, or despice" a fellow-citizen by calling him "Yreshman." Men or apprentices of Irish blood were not admissible to the franchise of the city till the English king had granted them their "liberty" and till they had undertaken to be of English "array, habit, and apparel." Intercourse with any rebellious chieftain was strictly prohibited, and if loss or injury were caused to any "man, woman, or child of Waterford," the mayor was bound to obtain redress from the "captain" of the district which had inflicted the loss or injury. This was the mayor's oath:—"Ye shall wele and truly serve our Sovereigne Lord the Kyng in the office of the Miraltie of the Citie of Waterford, and his profit ye shall do in all thynges inasmuch as to you appartayneth, after your witt and power. And his rights to the Croune appartayning truly ye shal kepe. Ye shall not assent his rights nor his franchises to be concelid. And where ye knoweth the King's rights touching the Croune, be it in landis, rents, or franchises [to be] concelid, ye shall put your trewe power, labour and payne, the same to repele, and if ye may not do so, ye shall certify the same to the King or some of his consaile, that ye be certayn thei tell it to the King." The oaths administered to the other city functionaries were equally strong in their loyalty. Under this rule Waterford continued a thriving and prosperous place; each year some new enactment was made for the safety and welfare of the inhabitants. In 1382 "all hoggs, soues, bores," and other swine running at large in the streets, were ordered to be "slayen," if in the daytime by a specially appointed officer, and if at night "by all men so syndinge them." So early as 1389 straw, "herbage," or any other easily inflammable material, was forbidden as roofing for any house in the city. In 1465 idleness was discouraged in the following very practical way:—"No manere of man, woman or childe shall gyve, borow, ne sell bordes, yren, pitche, rosene, tarre, ne other thinges whereby a bote shoulde be made to ony ydle man;" a host of other regulations might be quoted, but space forbids. In the entries relating to city affairs during the 16th century we find frequent allusion to the assistance which the city gave to the administrators of Queen Elizabeth's Government during the wars with the native Irish. The citizens of Waterford were, however, withal a jovial crew. Freemen not maintaining households in the city were subject to amerceament year by year till they married "and kept hospitality."

The municipal archives of Galway, though analogous to those of Waterford, differ from them in

many points. They commence in the 15th century, and are the sole surviving writings which supply authentic details as to town life of past times in the western province of Ireland. Such details are rendered more curious and interesting owing to the geographical position of Galway, which placed its internal administration beyond the immediate control of the English executive at Dublin. Thus it was not till 1536 that the English king ordered the inhabitants to shave their "over lips," to let their hair grow till it covered their ears, to wear English caps and attire shaped after English fashion, to forego the use of saffron in their garments, to have not more than five standard ells in their shirts, to adopt the long bow and English arrows, to learn to speak English, and not to succour the king's enemies. Though this points to a much more favourable feeling on the part of the townsmen in early times towards the native Irish than that which existed at Waterford, it should be observed that in 1518 the "Irish" were not allowed in the town at festival times, except by special licence of the mayor, and that in the following year Irish judges and lawyers were excluded from the town

courts. In 1500 an aged member of an Irish clan had been admitted to the freedom of this town, but that was on the petition of his son, who was a prosperous goldsmith there. By a charter from James I, granted in 1610, the first sheriffs of Galway were appointed, and the town was constituted a separate county. Shortly before this it is described by Camden as a very "fair and proper" town, nearly circular in form, and built almost entirely of solid stone. He adds that it was much frequented by merchants, and possessed easy and gainful traffic by exchange of rich commodities both by sea and land. The "Statute Book" is a chronological record of the various subjects that have occupied the attention of the town authorities from the year 1500 down to comparatively modern times. This is calendared in the Commissioners' Report, and from it alone might be compiled a fairly connected history of Galway. On the whole the Historical Manuscripts Commissioners may be congratulated on having produced a very useful volume for the student of Irish history, and one which at the present time will have peculiar interest to the majority of readers.

Saturday Songs.

PLACE YOUR HAND IN MINE, WIFE.

'Tis five-and-twenty years to-day,
 Since we were man and wife--
 And that's a tidy slice, I say,
 From anybody's life.
 And if we want, in looking back,
 To feel how time has flown,
 There's Jack, you see, our baby Jack,
 With whiskers of his own.
 Place your hand in mine, wife,
 We've loved each other true;
 And still, in shade or shine, wife,
 There's love to help us through.

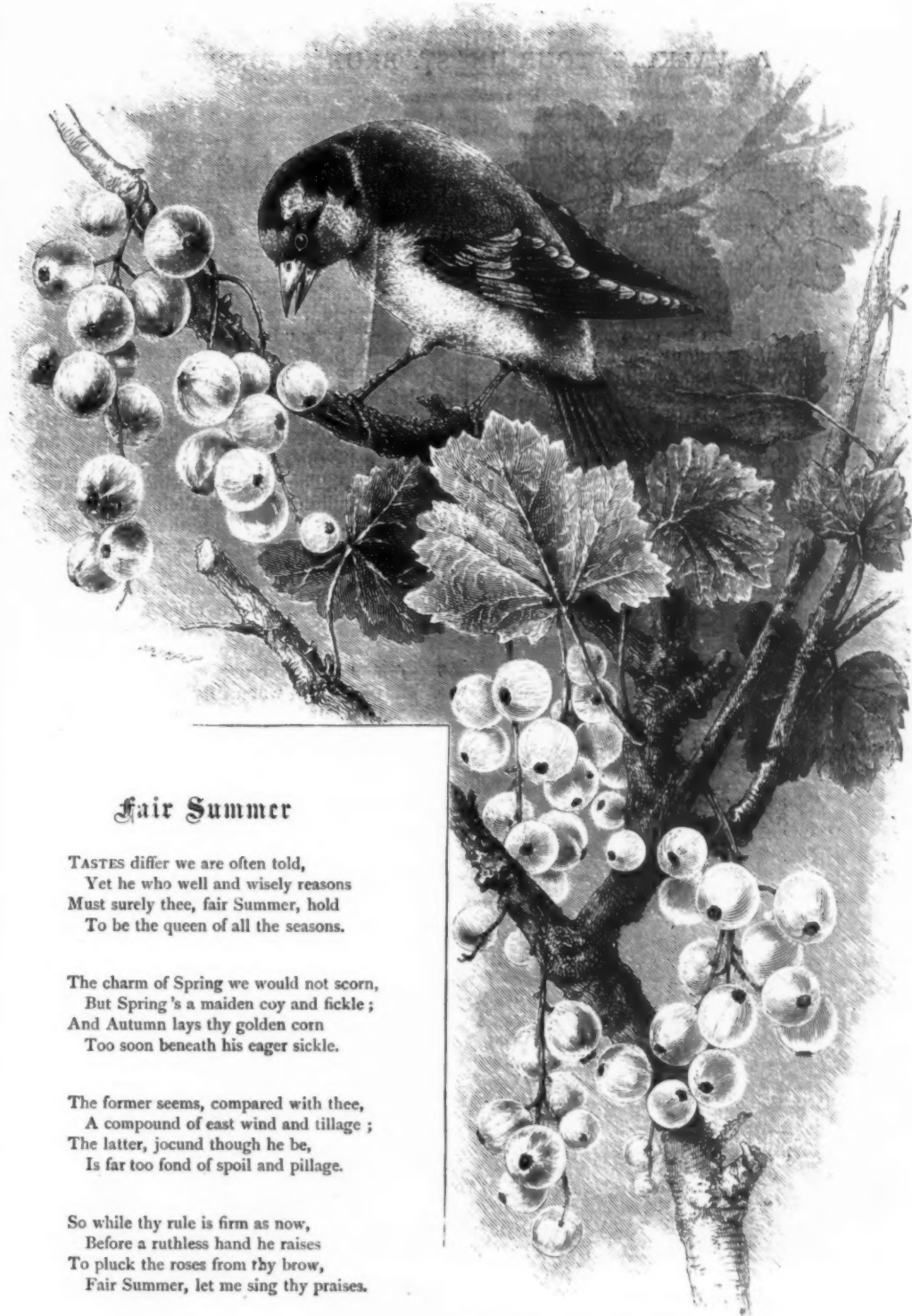
It's not been all smooth sailing, wife,
 Not always laughing May;
 Sometimes it's been a weary strife
 To keep the wolf away.
 We've had our little tiffs, my dear;
 We've often grieved and sighed;
 One lad has cost us many a tear,
 Our little baby died.
 Place your hand in mine, wife,
 We've loved each other true;
 And still, in shade or shine, wife,
 There's love to help us through.

But, wife, your love along the road
 Has cheered the roughest spell;
 You've borne your half of every load,
 And often mine as well.
 I've rued full many a foolish thing
 Ere well the step was ta'en;
 But, oh! I'd haste to buy the ring,
 And wed you o'er again.
 Place your hand in mine, wife,
 We've loved each other true;
 And still, in shade or shine, wife,
 There's love to help us through.

'Twas you who made me own the Hand
 That's working all along,
 In ways we cannot understand,
 Still bringing right from wrong.
 You've kept me brave, and kept me true,
 You've made me trust and pray;
 My gentle evening star were you,
 That blessed the close of day.
 Place your hand in mine, wife,
 We've loved each other true;
 And still, in shade or shine, wife,
 There's love to help us through.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

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Fair Summer

TASTES differ we are often told,
Yet he who well and wisely reasons
Must surely thee, fair Summer, hold
To be the queen of all the seasons.

The charm of Spring we would not scorn,
But Spring's a maiden coy and fickle ;
And Autumn lays thy golden corn
Too soon beneath his eager sickle.

The former seems, compared with thee,
A compound of east wind and tillage ;
The latter, jocund though he be,
Is far too fond of spoil and pillage.

So while thy rule is firm as now,
Before a ruthless hand he raises
To pluck the roses from thy brow,
Fair Summer, let me sing thy praises.

Each day brings laughter and delight,
New health to sickness, balm to sorrow ;
And the soft beauty of the night
But ushers in a sweeter morrow.

The birds' glad hymns are never done,
The very bees with joy are humming ;
What wonder, handmaid of the sun,
Our hearts make merry at thy coming

SYDNEY GREY.

A WALKING TOUR IN ST. BRUNO'S DESERT.

BY EDWARD BARKER

PART II.

ON several occasions the convent of the Grande Chartreuse has been destroyed or nearly destroyed by fire, consequently, with the exception of some fragments of fourteenth century work, it is only old in its associations. The present buildings and outbuildings form a mass of stone the interest of which owes nothing to architectural beauty.

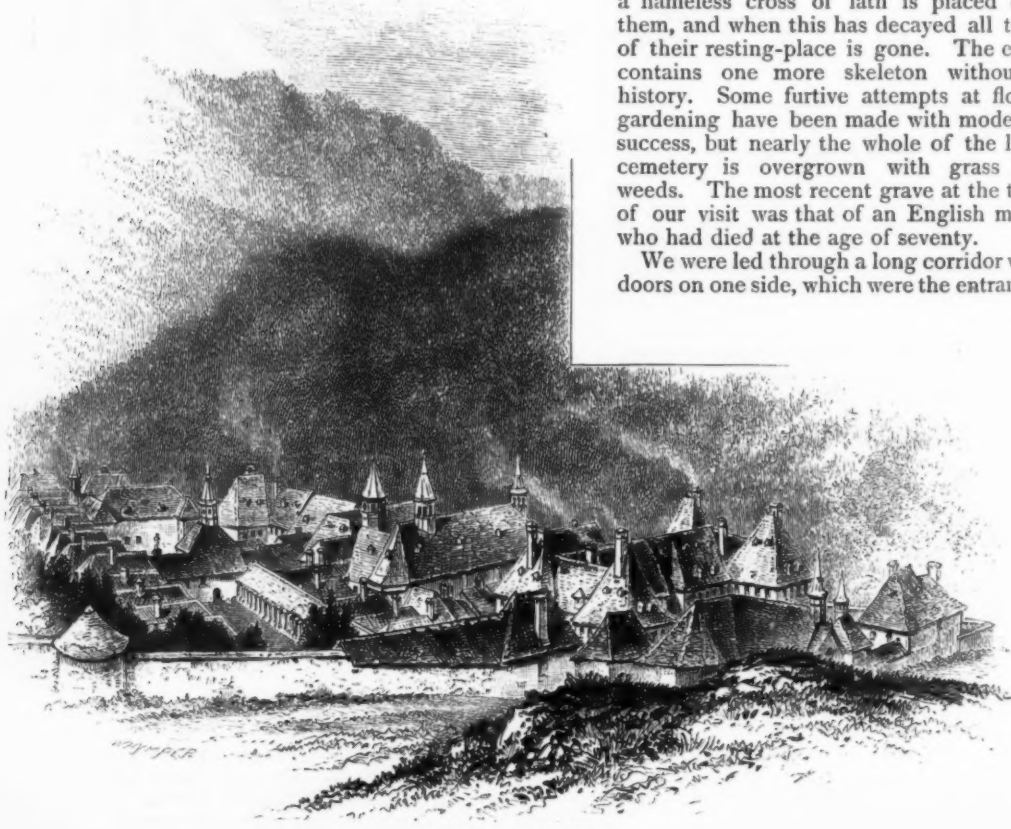
At a little distance from the convent we noticed an old but still vigorous monk with a long white beard and head that needed shaving no more, for time had made its surface as smooth as a billiard-ball, busily engaged in giving instructions to a workman respecting a heap of timber. Presently the old monk seized a saw, and, placing one knee on a log, proceeded to saw it through with the strength of a man in his prime. Indeed, all the Carthusians whom we saw, except one very old man with a bent back whose face and beard had become as white as his habit, so that from crown to heel he seemed made of flannel, appeared

exceptionally endowed with health and strength. Their existence therefore is conclusive proof that the slaughter of beasts and birds is not necessary to the vigorous life of man even in a mountainous region where the snow lies deep for months together.

We presently found ourselves among a party of thirty or forty visitors being conducted over the monastery by a tall and spare Carthusian with a long dark beard, the substitute for the Père Procureur. He was an excellent cicerone, voluntarily explaining everything that needed explanation, and answering all questions put to him with perfect courtesy; but beyond the cemetery and the monks' cells the convent has but little to interest the visitor. The cemetery, which is attached to the main building, is a parallelogram enclosed by high walls. On entering the eye immediately rests on several rows of low stone crosses. These mark the graves where generals of the order have been buried. The other members of the community

are interred here also, but they are not similarly honoured. When they have been lowered into the earth in their monk's habit a nameless cross of lath is placed over them, and when this has decayed all trace of their resting-place is gone. The earth contains one more skeleton without a history. Some furtive attempts at flower gardening have been made with moderate success, but nearly the whole of the little cemetery is overgrown with grass and weeds. The most recent grave at the time of our visit was that of an English monk who had died at the age of seventy.

We were led through a long corridor with doors on one side, which were the entrances



THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

to the monks' cells. It would be more correct to say the monks' apartments, for each of the Carthusian fathers is provided with a bedroom, a sitting-room, a workshop, and a lumber-room. Inside the entrance was a small lobby which communicated by one door with a little garden a few yards square, and by another with the lumber-room, upon the floor of which were heaped planks and logs of wood. Beyond this was a workshop provided with a lathe and other carpenter's tools. Here the monk turned with his lathe the little boxes in which the medical preparations of the convent are sold to the public, or worked as a carpenter. In the lobby on the side of the corridor was a wicket, with a sliding-door through which the inmate received his daily rations, except on high days when the community sat together in the great refectory. A small staircase led to the bedroom and sitting-room. Both were very barely furnished, but did not appear uncomfortable. The bedstead was like a large hanging deal closet with sliding curtains instead of doors. The bedding consisted of a mattress and bolster, both stuffed with straw. There were blankets, but no sheets. In one corner of the room was a washstand, and in another a small recess fitted up with a plain deal seat and desk with a crucifix over it.

Those who visit the Grande Chartreuse with the hope of seeing the distillery come away disappointed. This is situated at some distance from the convent, and the monks do not gratify the curiosity that turns in that direction.

For lunch we had the most generous fare which I believe the Carthusians ever offer to their guests, unless they make an exception in the case of queens and princesses of royal blood, who, notwithstanding the prior Guigne's horror of the "caresses" and "tromperies des femmes," are allowed to enter the monastery.¹ The rule respecting the non-admittance of women in general is strictly kept. About twelve or fifteen persons sat down to a table strewn with dishes of stewed prunes, dried figs, pieces of cheese, and loaves of bread. Lunch, then, was to be only a repetition of supper, and a dear enough meal we thought it at two francs and a half. Ah! no, we were underestimating the good fathers' hospitality. The surly *maître d'hôtel*, who here reigned supreme, brought in a huge omelette, extremely tough and satisfying, without any flavouring, not even a chopped leaf of chervil in it. A dish of carp, badly cooked, followed, and then we fell upon the cheese and prunes. A small glass of chartreuse, for which half a franc extra was charged, completed the entertainment.

Before leaving the convent we paid a visit to the aged monk already mentioned who presides over the little shop in which the liqueur is sold, together with an "elixir," in the curative qualities of which great faith is placed, a tooth balsam, photographs of the convent, etc. We bought

some photographs and a bottle of chartreuse. Trafficking of this kind helps, no doubt, to swell the superfluous income of the monastery, which is said to be employed both wisely and charitably.

We left the Grande Chartreuse for Grenoble early in the afternoon. Instead of going by Saint Laurent du Pont we chose the shorter, but much rougher road by the Col de Porte. The air was heavily charged with electricity and the heat exceedingly oppressive. We had passed through the village of St. Pierre de Chartreuse, which lies in the valley below the convent, and were ascending the hill on the opposite side, when we perceived that a thunderstorm was upon us, and that there was no retreating from it. It had to be faced in the open country, where the only shelter was that of a few wayside bushes. In the presence of no other power does man feel so helpless as in that of the lightning, and there is no other equally dangerous that he ordinarily treats with such indifference. He is a fatalist in the presence of dangers over which instinct tells him he has no control. Therefore he walks calmly on, while the lightning, which may wither him with its instantaneous flame, is flashing in his eyes. It is the sense of our powerlessness in the presence of this force that invests the thunderstorm with such sublimity.

The storm, which had been gathering round the summits of two adjacent mountains, one of which we were ascending, now met across the valley. Clouds, like masses of raw cotton, detached themselves from the compact layers of slaty vapour overhead, and came wandering down the rocks towards the valley, leaving hundreds of feet of clear air above them.

The thunder, which had been moaning distantly for hours, now crashed in the very clouds that wrapped us about and kept up an unbroken roar. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by hailstones as big as marbles. We crept under some brambles that grew by the wayside, and, keeping close together, covered ourselves as well as we could with the one macintosh that we possessed. But, the wind beating from all quarters, in a very short time we had scarcely a dry thread upon us. In these circumstances we thought that walking was better than being doubled up under a bramble-bush; so on we fared in the teeth of the storm.

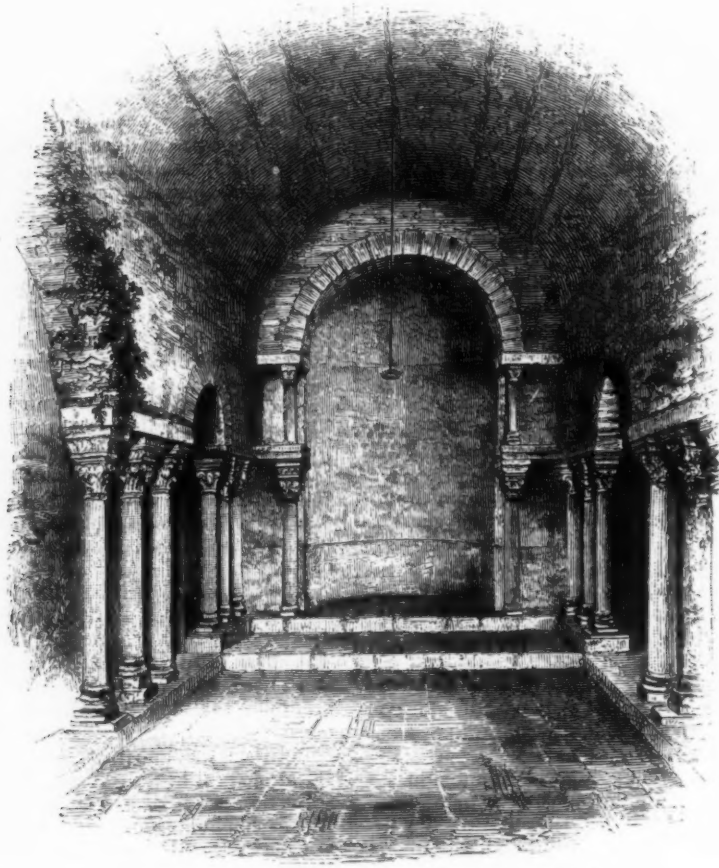
Fortunately the large hailstones that fell around us were not very numerous, but as the storm abated and we reached higher ground we had good reason to be thankful for the laziness which alone had saved us from being hailed upon by lumps of ice the size of pigeons' eggs. How disagreeable this pelting would have been we realised while walking over the fallen hailstones which lay in places to the depth of six inches. What a change in about two hours! We had passed from glorious summer to desolate winter. The valley, with all its sunshine and greenness and happy life, was now nothing but a beautiful recollection. We were threading a fir forest, where the trunks were frequently hidden at a distance of a few yards from us by the rolling billows of cloud. The vapour through which we were passing was so cold that we who had been really distressed by the oppressive heat some

¹ Up to the time of the Queen's recent visit only one woman, and she a Roman Catholic, had ever been allowed to enter it. This was the Queen of Italy. To enable Queen Victoria to pay a visit a special dispensation from the Pope was granted. Among the Fathers was pointed out a Russian general who had served in the Crimea, and among the Brothers, a rich young Englishman, who had been there some years.

hundred feet lower, now shivered in our wet clothes. When we had risen above this icy cloud the air was much brighter and warmer. Then we felt that the forest was grand. The firs were for the most part old, and many of them were overgrown by hoary lichen, which hung in long fringes from every branch, hiding the green of the leaves (if the tree had not yet been suffocated by its insidious parasite), and giving it, whether dead or living, a most weird and fantastic appearance.

pieces, and her corn levelled to the ground. Poor creature! she certainly looked upon us as instruments providentially sent to pay for a portion of the damage.

It was eight o'clock when we were again on the road. About nine miles of rough country separated us from Grenoble. The night was very dark, for the new moon had drawn her upper tip below the horizon. We set out, however, with the manful resolution to atone for all our loitering



CRYPT UNDER THE CHURCH OF ST. LAURENCE AT GRENABLE.

When we reached the Col de la Porte, which is about three thousand three hundred feet above the sea level, and began to descend into the valley of the Isère, evening was coming on and we were many miles from Grenoble. The prospect looked rather gloomy, but we were determined to reach the town that night. It was necessary, however, to eat, so we made a stoppage for this purpose at a roadside inn that promised well, near the village of Sappey. We had eggs, cheese, butter, and wine, and on these we managed to make a meal. We dined to the incessant rattle of the old landlady's tongue. She could talk of nothing but the hailstorm, which she said had devastated the whole district on this side of the mountain. Her vineyard, she told us, was cut to

during the day. A few miles below Sappey, when we were far from all habitations, and were following the road, whose course we could hardly see, along the level bottom of a valley, Jack stopped suddenly and gave forth with unusual animation his customary exclamation of surprise.

"What is the matter?" said I.

"Didn't you see that?" said he.

"See what?" I asked.

"Why, a light that jumped right across the road!"

While I was wondering whether he was trying to play a grim joke upon me, or had really seen something uncanny, he shouted, "There it is! Look! in the field over the hedge!"

I looked where he pointed and saw a pale

light, as of a candle through fog, close to the ground.

"A big glowworm," said I, with a very weak faith in the value of my own suggestion, for the light was too diffused to be that of a glowworm.

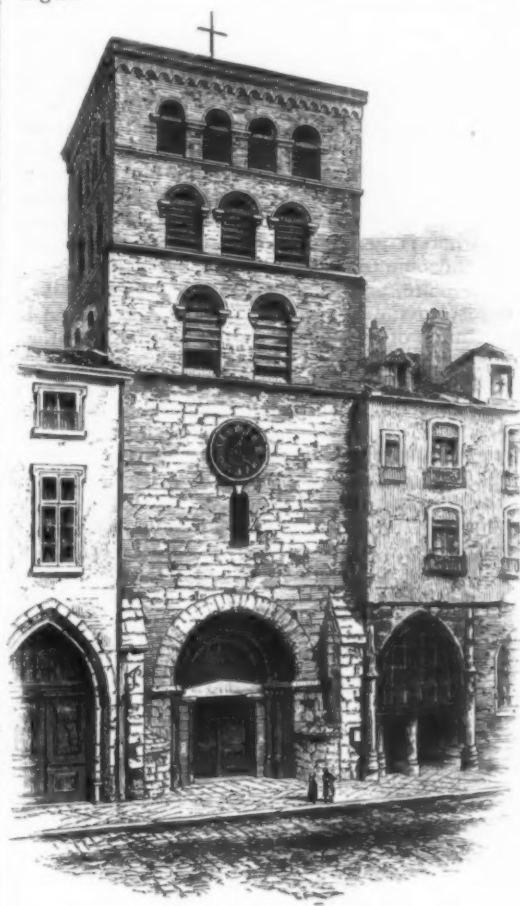
"Not a bit of it!" exclaimed Jack; "I saw it jump from the other side of the road over the hedge into the field."

It is needless to say that neither of us had seen a will-o'-the-wisp before, but we soon came to an agreement as to the nature of the apparition, for immediately we commenced walking again it moved in a line with us, at about ten yards' distance. When we stopped it likewise stopped, but the strangest, and to us altogether inexplicable aspect of the phenomenon occurred when one of us moved on and the other stood still. While the one that moved saw the pale light distinctly moving with him, the other saw it absolutely stationary in a line with himself. Each of us advanced, and stood still in turn, and the experience of each was exactly the same. That it bore some relationship to our bodies is certain, but the nature of that relationship has yet to be explained.

Soon after this adventure we were pleasantly surprised to see the lights of Grenoble deep down in the valley beneath us. The deception that we thus practised upon ourselves made the rest of the journey seem twenty miles. We ought to have been more guarded against such vain appearances, and have remembered that a fair road such as we were on never runs directly down the face of steep hills into a valley, but is carried gently down by means of the wildest flourishes.

All trouble, however, comes to an end, and we thought ours was over on reaching Grenoble. But there trouble of another kind commenced. We inquired for the best hotels, and one after another the best hotels would have nothing to do with us. Their proprietors looked us up and down as they sat outside digesting their dinner, and said calmly, and in one sense truly, "We are full." Jack laid all the blame on my large straw hat, which happened to be of the same shape as the kind worn by half the peasants in the district, and which had lost much of its symmetry since the storm of the afternoon. I retorted by laying the blame on his legs, for he wore a tourist's suit, displaying his calves, which caused him to be taken for a Swiss, though for what reason I know not, unless it be that the *Suisses* in the French churches also show much of the form of their legs. These recriminations did not help us to get a night's lodging. After meeting with about half a dozen refusals from well-to-do hotel-keepers, we turned to a very humble-looking *auberge*, half expecting to meet a similar reception there. But no; we were told that there was a double-bedded room at our service. So to the double-bedded room we repaired, up two or three flights of stairs very old and rickety, and quite black with dirt. The appearance of the apartment when we reached it caused suspicions to rise in my mind of which past experience of some merry nights spent in French inns had sown the seed, but turning back was now out of the question. We chose our beds, and lay down upon them. I quite believe in bad luck pursuing

certain people. Whenever Jack and I in our wanderings have fallen upon an inn frequented by lively enemies of an insect race it has invariably been my lot to sleep in the bed for which they have a peculiar affection. On this memorable night I had not slept an hour when I awoke with the firm belief that I was on fire. I, however, quickly realised the situation, and resolved upon a desperate measure. I found a piece of old carpet, and, spreading it upon that part of the tiled floor (wood is little used for bedrooms in Southern France) that was farthest from the bed, I lay down upon it, and so passed the hateful night.



CATHEDRAL, GRENOBLE.

Having managed the next morning to force an entrance into another hotel, notwithstanding the evident prejudice in the place against such birds of passage as tourists with packs on their backs, we spent the day in looking at the town. A description of the desert of St. Bruno would have been hardly complete without a few notes on the ancient city of Grenoble, with which the Grande Chartreuse is so popularly associated. It is picturesquely situated in the beautiful valley of the Isère, and is almost encircled by majestic mountains, but the town itself cannot be called

picturesque. Notwithstanding its antiquity, it can boast of few ancient buildings. The provincial municipal bodies in France have been afflicted more or less with the craze of making the boroughs over whose destinies they preside small imitations of modern Paris. They have swept away, whenever they have had the means to do it, the queer, tortuous old streets which made every town however small a labyrinth full of continual puzzle and surprise, and pulled down the ancient houses with their projecting storeys and gabled roofs and flower gardens hanging to every dormer window, giving us in their stead streets as straight as arrows, and plain faced rectilinear buildings which not even antiquity will ever render picturesque. Happily for those who are in no hurry to see every trace of the middle ages brushed from the face of the earth, there are still a good many old towns in France which have hitherto lacked the money needed to improve themselves in this manner. Grenoble, however, is not one of them. It is an important centre of industrial activity and is even blessed with some "fashionable visitors." Consequently it is becoming what is generally understood by the phrase "a handsome town."

There are, nevertheless, some buildings in it of interest to the archæologist. Chief of these is the church of St. Laurent—at one time the cathedral—with its underground basilica. Although the style of this crypt is Gallo-Roman, there is no proof that its origin was more remote than the ninth century. The plan displays a very early figure of a cruciform church, for between the nave and the apse are two semicircular recesses, each containing a stone bench for the use of the clergy or choir. Twenty-eight slender columns of Paros and other marble have been let into the walls of the nave with no constructive motive, but as a simple enrichment. Several of the columns have been renewed. The style of the church above is mixed Romanesque and Gothic. The oldest portion is the choir, which dates from the eleventh

century. The apse, pierced with three windows with semicircular heads, each flanked exteriorly by two light columns with delicately carved capitals, and also showing some curious carvings of serpents and human heads, is a graceful and characteristic example of Romanesque taste. The church is surmounted by a low, broad, rectangular tower.

The church of St. André, once the chapel of the Dauphins, is also a mixture of Romanesque and early Gothic (transition style), although the church was commenced when the Gothic of the North had nearly attained its full development. It has a deeply-recessed round-arched portal with numerous slender columns in the jambs. Most of the interior arches are pointed, and the vaults display some beautiful groining. The square tower is capped by an octagonal spire that has a strange aspect when seen from a little distance, owing to the fact of its being pierced with several windows, each of which is surmounted by a gabled canopy. From the four angles of the tower rise small spires, which are also pierced with windows.

In this church is an eighteenth century monument to the greatest historical figure that Dauphiné ever produced—the Chevalier Bayard, originally placed in the Church of the Minimes. The finely-chiselled features of the marble bust bear not the faintest resemblance to those of the monstrous bronze statue of the knight "sans peur et sans reproche," erected in the Place outside.

The cathedral of Notre Dame is a heavy graceless structure, composed of various styles amalgamated in defiance of all æsthetic principles. The oldest portions are the portal and the massive tower above it, which date from the eleventh century. In the choir is a beautifully-carved Gothic ciborium of fifteenth century workmanship. In civic architecture Grenoble can show one building combining elegance and purity of design with singular richness of detail. This is the Palais de Justice, built during the best period of the French Renaissance.

TREASURE-TROVE.

THE practice of burying treasure, and of secreting in out-of-the-way corners hoards of various kinds, has existed in most countries from a remote period. From time to time the interest attaching to this fact has been greatly stimulated by the unexpected manner in which discoveries have been made. The rare circumstance, too, of rescuing from oblivion and decay costly and unpurchasable relics of the past naturally excites curiosity and conjecture as to their antecedent history. When, moreover, we recollect how many and varied were the reasons which induced our forefathers to consign their treasures to the simple security of burial, we are at once brought in contact with some of the most interesting and eventful characteristics of social life in days gone

by. Few persons, perhaps, are aware in how many causes the custom of depositing treasures of various kinds in the earth, and other hidden places, has originated. A careful inquiry occasionally unravels a striking piece of romance.

At the outset, it may be noticed that the burial of money has, from time immemorial, been a common habit with misers. For years their treasure has lain hid, until some chance circumstance reveals its hitherto unknown existence. Thus many of our readers may recollect how tragic was the end of Forcue, a farmer-general of Languedoc, who had a vault made in his wine-cellar, so large that he could descend into it himself by means of a ladder. At the entrance there was a spring lock, which would cause a trap-door to shut, and it

could not be opened except on the outside. One day, however, Forcue was found missing, and every search after him was to no purpose. As soon, therefore, as every conceivable means to discover him had been exhausted, his house was sold, and his property duly disposed of. But no small surprise was occasioned when the new owner of his house, being about to make some alterations in it, discovered through his workmen the mysterious vault in the cellar. It was opened, and on descending Forcue's remains were found. On looking round they found an enormous treasure of heavy bags of gold and large chests of untold wealth. It was generally supposed that when he went down into his vault the door had by some accident closed after him, and that, being beyond all hearing, he had succumbed to starvation. Further stories¹ of this kind might be quoted, out the one we have given is a good illustration of how miserly propensities have originated the burial of money. When William Cox, a well-known miser, died in his room in the model lodging-house, Columbia Square, there were discovered deeds, leases, policies of insurance, money, watches, and other property to the value of between six and seven thousand pounds, lying about and in concealed nooks. Such a hider has only to die, in many instances with his secret untold, or some landmark on which he has relied as his guide to the spot he has chosen has only to be removed, and there lies his hoard for the chance discovery of future ages.

As the term implies, "treasure-trove" signifies treasure found, and, according to its legal definition, it must be of gold or silver, and have been designedly secreted or hidden, and not accidentally lost or unintentionally hidden. From the peculiarity, therefore, of its surroundings, and the uncertainty naturally attaching to its cause of burial—whether purposely or otherwise—this treasure has many times been the occasion of complicated litigation, in which it has been no easy matter to arrive at a just and satisfactory conclusion. It has often been found necessary, owing to the complex nature of the inquiries, to effect a compromise between the parties interested in its possession. Lord Coke has defined treasure-trove to be "money or coin, gold, silver, plate, or bullion, found hidden in the earth, or rather private place, the owner thereof being unknown." This explanation of the term has been commonly accepted as the true legal definition; and hence to entitle either the Crown or the subject to whom the legal right has been conceded to treasure-trove, it must be clearly shown that the matter found is literally of the nature of treasure-trove, and that it must have been designedly secreted in the earth. Formerly, when the State acquired from such finds now and then large sums of money and considerable hoards of treasures of sundry kinds, it was extremely jealous of its privileges, and every precaution was taken to prevent these from falling into wrong hands. But we are told "it was judged expedient, for the purposes of the State, and particularly for the

coinage, to allow part of what was found to the king, which part was assigned to be all hidden treasures."

In days of old it was part of the coroner's duty of the district, as General Controller of the "Pleas of the Crown," to make an inquiry into all reported cases of treasure-trove, with the object of ascertaining that any treasure found was not misapplied. He was, as it has been suggested, a detective in the business, and his powers in the matter were minutely laid down. The law seems to have been unusually severe, for Glanville, writing in the time of Henry II, mentions the crime of "concealment of treasure-trove, which was then referable to trial by duel or ordeal, and punishable by death or loss of limb." Blackstone also tells us how "the punishment of such as concealed from the king the finding of hidden treasure was formerly no less than death." But happily this, like so many other barbarous old laws, has long ago been obsolete, the concealment of treasure-trove nowadays constituting a misdemeanour punishable by fine and imprisonment. At the period when the law of treasure-trove was stringent, it would seem that antiquarian researches—which we are apt to laugh at if abortive—were once dangerous, if successful. At the Assizes held at Uttoxeter in the year 1292, several cases were brought before the court. It appears that certain persons, whether prompted by antiquarian zeal, or actuated by less laudable motives, had been pursuing their researches at Uttoxeter in an illegal way. "Such excavators," to quote Mr. Eyton's words,¹ "as they would be called in the nineteenth century, were deemed to be criminals in the thirteenth." The old record tells us how "William, son of William de Hodeney, Walter de Drayton, William Parson, and Richard Tyffe had dug by night at Worcester in search of treasure," how the first-named digger was in prison, and how the second had died. The justiciars had ordered the arrest of two others, when they appeared in court and took their trial. They got their dismissal under the following verdict, viz., "that though they had dug as aforesaid, they had found nothing."

Before leaving the technical part of our subject, we may note that in different countries the law relating to treasure-trove has undergone constant changes and modifications. Thus, for example, by a decree of the Emperor Hadrian it was enacted that half the value of any hidden treasure was to be left in possession of the finder, and the other half was to be considered the property of the owner of the land in which it was discovered. But, as a writer in the "Journal of the Archaeological Association" (vol. xi., pp. 81-89) has pointed out, the claim of the finder to a share was supposed to refer to such cases as when "the discovery was accidental. When he went purposely to search in the land of another without the knowledge of the latter he was punishable, and the sole property in the treasure discovered became vested in the owner of the land."

So much then for the legal bearing of our sub-

¹ See Timbs' "Anecdotes of Eccentric Persons."

¹ "Antiquities of Shropshire," 1838-9. Vol. vii., page 311.

ject, more interest attaching to its popular history as illustrated in many eventful and unlooked-for incidents.

In the first place, then, it is acknowledged that times of trouble will account for many of the treasures which were so carefully secreted in bygone times. It was only natural that their owners, when liable at any moment to have their homes molested by reason of civil disturbances, should take every precautionary measure within their power to preserve their belongings. Not many years ago, for instance, a small find of silver coins was made in Derbyshire, the latest coin discovered being a shilling of the year 1641. It has been suggested, therefore, that these coins were hidden away in the ground in the year 1642, at the outbreak of the Civil Wars.¹ It was on the 25th August, 1642, that the king set up his standard at Nottingham, and in September, upon the assembling of the Parliament's army at Northampton, he marched away to Shrewsbury, passing through Derbyshire. It has been considered probable that the owner of this scanty hoard buried his money for safety's sake on the approach of the king's army and Rupert's plunderous troopers about September, in the year 1642, in which secreted spot it remained undisturbed until accidentally brought to light in the year 1879, the possessor either having lost his life in the Civil Wars, or else being unable to identify the locality where he had concealed his goods.

In the same way, some years ago, as the foundations of several old houses in Exeter were being removed, a large collection of silver coins was discovered in the brickwork. The money found dated from the time of Henry VIII to Charles I, or the time of the Commonwealth. The explanation offered at the time was the disturbed state of affairs during the middle of the seventeenth century.

Some years back the vicarage house of Ormesby, in Yorkshire, required restoration. During the period in which the alterations were being made, some stonework had to be removed, when embedded in the wall was found a small box measuring about a foot square. On being opened, its contents revealed a collection of coins, some being of the reign of Edward IV, some of Henry VI, and some of the reign of Henry VII and Henry VIII. This interesting little hoard was in good preservation, having evidently been deposited in its hiding-place with great care. Alluding to this find, Mr. Temple, in a paper in the "*Journal of the Archaeological Association*" (1859. Vol. xv., p. 104), expresses his opinion that when Henry VIII dissolved the lesser monasteries the monks of Guisbro' Priory—which was only about six miles off—fearing the worst, fled with their treasures, and buried a portion of them in the walls of the parsonage house of Ormesby.

The reader of the "*Diary of Samuel Pepys*" cannot fail to have been struck with his practice of keeping all his capital, sometimes amounting to as much as two or three thousand pounds, in his own house; and will remember the very amus-

ing account of its burial by his wife and father when the Dutch fleet was in the Medway (*Diary*, June to October, 1667). He hides his goods in the same way during the Great Fire; and to keep such hoards and to bury them in the time of emergency was up to that day evidently the common practice of a well-to-do English householder.¹ Speaking of Pepys, we may note that he gives an interesting entry relative to the large amount supposed in his day to be buried. He tells us how, on May 19th, 1663, he went with Sir John Minnes to the Tower, and was shown by Mr. Howard, controller of the Mint, the method of making the new money. "That being done," he writes, "the controller would have us dine with him and his company, the king giving them a dinner every day, and very merry and good discourse upon the business we had been upon. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this, that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coined, besides what was then in being of King James's and Queen Elizabeth's, of which there is a good deal at this day in being."

Again, the French Revolution caused money and treasures of various kinds to be hidden, instances of which came to light in our own country. Thus, in January, 1836, at Great Stanmore, the rector's coachman and gardener found, in a field on the side of a ditch, a heap of more than three hundred and sixty foreign gold coins, worth on an average more than a guinea apiece. An account of this interesting discovery is given in Chambers's "*Book of Days*" (Vol. i., p. 496). It appears that "about twenty years earlier, when the downfall of Napoleon had led to the resuscitation of the Bourbons, a foreigner came to reside at Stanmore. He used to walk about the fields in an abstracted manner, and was naturally regarded by the villagers as a singular character. He suddenly left the place, and never reappeared. Two years after the stranger's departure another person came, searched about the fields, and made minute inquiries concerning some hidden wealth. He stated that the foreigner who had formerly lived at Stanmore was dead; that on his deathbed he had revealed the fact of having hidden considerable treasure, and that he had sketched a ground-plan of the field where the hoard lay. But it appeared that during the long intervening period two ash-trees had been removed from the side of the ditch, that this change had prevented the identification of the spot, and that a change in the watercourse had gradually washed away the earth and left the coins exposed."

This is one of these few and isolated cases in which treasure-trove has not only been traced to its original possessor, but its antecedent history clearly defined by the person who secreted it.

Pirates no doubt have at various times secreted treasures in the ground, although the many recorded accounts of their doing so must be received with caution. By way of illustration, we may quote

¹ "*The Antiquary*," 1881. Vol. iii., page 181.

¹ "*The Archaeological Journal*," 1865. Vol. xxii., page 15.

from a curious little volume by Clement Downing, published in the year 1737, in which he gives an amusing history of "Angria and some other Pirates." He tells us of the great havoc they made in the year 1719, of the fine cargoes they met with, particularly of a rich Moor's ship, the Cassandra, an English ship, and a large Portuguese ship, which they unloaded on the island of Madagascar, and left on shore "great heaps of spices, china-ware, rich drugs, and other valuable goods in heaps, enough to load a large ship." Farther on, when narrating his own experiences and adventures, he writes (p. 124): "At Guzarat, after I had been taken by the Sangareens, I met with a Portuguese, named Anthony de Sylvestre, who informed me that if ever it should be my lot to go to York River or Maryland, near an island called Mulberry Island, provided we went on shore near the watering-place, where the shipping used most commonly to ride, that there the pirates had buried considerable sums of money in great chests well clamped with iron plates."

Again, the accumulation of wealth has in some countries exposed the owner to extortion and violence, and hence the necessity of burying in the earth possessions of any large amount for security's sake. Mr. Luke Scrafton, in his famous tract on the Government of Hindostan (2nd edition, p. 16), has alluded to this practice thus: "The rajahs never let their subjects rise above mediocrity, and the Mahometan governors look upon the growing riches of a subject as a boy does on a bird's-nest; he eyes their progress with impatience, and comes with a spoiler's hand and ravishes the fruit of their labours. To counteract this, the Gentoos bury their money underground, often with such secrecy as not to trust even their own children with the knowledge of it, and it is amazing what they will suffer rather than betray it. Their tyrants use all manner of corporal punishment on them, but even that often fails, for, resentment prevailing over the loss of life, they frequently poison themselves, and carry their secret to the grave." This custom is not confined to India, but has very largely prevailed in Turkey, Persia, and other Eastern countries. It has existed also to a considerable extent in Russia and France, and in the latter, during the revolutionary anarchy, immense sums were buried, of which it is highly probable that a large portion will never be recovered.¹ Furthermore, the wars and convulsions with which Europe was unfortunately afflicted for more than twenty years extended the practice to all parts of the Continent.

Once more we should notice the superstitious practice which led almost every religion of antiquity to bury with its dead their personal ornaments or other valuable possessions. "These," writes Mr. Thomas Faussett, in the "Archæological Journal" (1865. Vol. xxii., p. 16), "some of the most ancient deposits of treasure, often forming nearly the sole records of the times from whence they date, and only within the last century at all appreciated or scientifically approached, are for these reasons, if not always, the most intrinsically

valuable, certainly always among the most interesting and instructive of the discoveries of which our subject treats."

Amongst further reasons for the burial of treasure may be mentioned the perplexity of the owner as to any better mode of securing it. In the year 1820, for example, some workmen, on clearing out a ditch at Bristol, came across a large sum of money, together with a silver snuff-box. Some time afterwards a sailor was seen to be digging about in this locality as if searching for something which he had hidden. On inquiry being made it was ascertained that before starting on his last voyage he had hidden away behind this ditch his few worldly possessions. It is easy to understand how persons in a poor position of life would consider burial the safest method of concealing their goods, especially when it is remembered how constantly they are changing their homes and have not the same opportunities of securely locking up any articles of value they may possess.

Then again, the hiding of treasure may be attributed to a mental delusion on the part of the owner, a singular instance of which kind occurred in the year 1843, and is quoted in the "Book of Days." It appears that on the 10th April some labourers were engaged in grubbing up trees at Tufnell Park, near Highgate, when they lighted upon two jars containing nearly four hundred sovereigns in gold. They divided the money, but soon afterwards the lord of the manor claimed the whole of it as treasure-trove. But whilst the workmen were discussing the claim of the lord of the manor the real owner, much to the surprise of both parties, unexpectedly appeared on the scene. It transpired that he was a brass-founder residing at Clerkenwell, and having been about nine months before under a temporary mental delusion, he one night took out two jars of sovereigns with him and buried them in a field at Tufnell Park. On being able to prove these facts his claim to the money was fully admitted, much to the disappointment of the parties who had been contesting their right to possess it.

Lastly, how diverse, and in some cases almost romantic, have been the causes which have led in our own and other countries to the burying of treasure, may be illustrated by an extract from the "Patrie," of Geneva, which records the following circumstance: "Great interest has been aroused at Nidau, Berne, by a wonderful piece of good fortune. In the River Thiéle has been fished up a chest four feet long, marked with the letters 'I. D. I.', banded with iron, and full of gold pieces. The tale runs that, in the year 1388, the Bernese let sink in the river, swollen by the rains, one of their vessels, which was being used at the siege of the castle, and in which craft was deposited the treasure in question. That occurred at the period when Enguerrand IV, the last of the sires de Coney, had received from Austria the country of Nidau as an appanage. What remained of the sires' property was ceded to the Orleans." Not many years ago, a strange discovery was reported to have been made in the State of Ohio. An old tree having been shaken to pieces by lightning, the

¹ See "Edinburgh Review," 1853. Vol. lv., page 54.

fragments of a skeleton and a portion of a portfolio were found among the *débris*. The portfolio contained an almost illegible document, which showed the remains were those of Captain Roger Vanderberg, a companion of Washington, who, on a march against the Indians, was wounded and taken prisoner on the 3rd November, 1761. Having succeeded in escaping, he took refuge in a hollow tree, but unfortunately could not get out again. He passed the last hours of his life in writing his journal, from which, says a correspondent of "Long Ago" (1873, Vol. i., p. 349), it appears that he must have lived eleven days in this terrible confinement. Once more, turning to our own country, whilst a shepherd, at Langhope,

near Hawick, was going his daily rounds about five years ago, he discovered in a "sheep-drain" a bronze pot, partially uncovered by the constant action of the water. Upon unearthing his find, it was found to be of bronze, urn-shaped, but without any lid. The contents proved to be of considerable value, as it contained nearly a stone weight of coins, fibulae, and other costly articles. The coins were principally silver pennies of Alexander III, and Robert Bruce, of Scotland, and of the contemporary kings of England. Opinions differ as to the reason of this jar having been thus located, but the weight of evidence is in favour of its concealment when the country was in an unsettled state.

T. F. THISELTON DYER.

SPURIOUS WORDS.

THE ordinary reader who takes up a dictionary and examines its columns of words will find among them not a few uncouth-looking creatures, utterly strange to him, and conveying no sense at first sight, which he might well suspect to be arbitrary and unmeaning inventions. Who does not feel a shade of incredulity when confronted by such combinations as *antiszygy*, *biischiatic*, *schizomycetous*, *xanthoxylaceous*? His suspicions, however, are groundless; these words, strange as they may seem, are legitimately-formed derivatives, appropriately naming some thing or quality, and must be respected as good, though very scientific, English. No; the wildest and most successful begging-impostor is he who most naturally simulates the simple details of real distress; and the successful word-impostor is not a long "crack-jaw" set of syllables, but a very commonplace and possible-looking vocable, whose mere form excites no feeling of distrust. These words are due for the most part to misprints or misreadings of the simplest kind; and, once recorded in some work of reference, their innocent *vraisemblance* perpetuates their existence, and they are copied as undoubtedly genuine from dictionary to dictionary, each lexicographer pinning his faith to the discrimination and *bona fides* of his predecessor.

One fruitful source of such errors has been the confusion of *u*'s and *n*'s; we have all experienced the difficulty of deciphering words like *immunity*, *unanimity*, *mummery*, when written with masculine haste or in the serried slope of feminine angularity; and even the printer and his "reader," or corrector for the press, may easily leave an *n* or *u* turned upside-down without noticing it. In middle and early modern English this possibility was further complicated by the fact that *v* and *u* were regarded as largely interchangeable, such spellings, as *vnusuall*, *vniversal*, being quite normal and correct. Now, Lord Bacon in his writings frequently uses the word *adventive* (a word analogous to *inventive*, *preventive*, etc.) in the sense of

"coming from outside, foreign, adventitious"; in his "Advancement of Learning" (bk. 2, ch. xi, §1), for instance, he refers to the question whether "The original of the soul be natue or adventue"; and in his "Sylva" (§456) he speaks of "that Adventive Heat" which "doth chear up the Natue Juyce of the Tree." When Dr. Johnson was preparing his great dictionary, he evidently came across this word in a form disguised by a topsy-turvy *u*, and consequently cites Bacon as his authority for the word *adventive*, adding, as his warrant, the quotation,

"As for the peregrine heat, it is thus far true, that if the proportion of the adventine heat be greatly predominant to the natural heat and spirits of the body, it tendeth to dissolution or notable alteration."

And in such high esteem was Dr. Johnson's accuracy held, that this entry has been accepted by many succeeding dictionary-makers, appearing in the pages of Ash, Richardson, and Webster. Curiously enough, Johnson has the word *adventive* too, but only in its absolute use as a substantive, with a passage quoted in illustration, in which Bacon contrasts "natives" with "adventives"; the adjectival use of the word, though common enough in Bacon's writings, he apparently did not light upon.

It is open to question whether, by way of compensation, the word *adamantive* is not due to a like accidental perversion of *adamantine*. But three distinct instances have been found of it;—Ben Jonson, in "Every Man out of his Humour," has

"My adamantive eyes might headlong hale
This iron world to me";

Daniell in 1605 writes of "Th' Adamantive Ties of Blood and Nature", and in the anonymous "Don Bellianis of Greece", published about 1650, occurs the passage,

"It would have made any adamantive breast to pittie them";

and though the principle that by "two or three witnesses every word may be established" is not to be unconditionally accepted in lexicography, such testimony forbids our ranking *adamanlive* as unquestionably spurious.

Modern dictionaries (Johnson, Craig, Webster, Ogilvie) record a word *bassock*, defined as "a bass" or "a mat", the origin of which was very simple. Kersey's edition (dated 1706) of Phillips's "New World of Words" has the entry, "Bass or Hassock, a kind of Cushion made of Straw, such as are us'd to kneel upon in Churches." Kersey's own dictionary, dated 1708, has the same entry. Bailey, in 1721, transferred this into his dictionary, but re-arranged its form thus—

Bass
Hassock } a kind of cushion, etc.

so that *hassock* had its initial *H* brought into line with a series of capital *B*'s. In 1736 Bailey himself, or some printer or editor, probably concluding that the *H* in earlier editions had been allowed to stand by oversight, changed it to *B*; and the alteration was so plausible that it did not challenge suspicion. Thenceforward *bassock* was an English dictionary word, though outside of dictionaries it has never had an existence.

The word *abacot* has a more intricate history. Any one who consults Worcester and Webster, or their lineal predecessors, Todd, Ash, Bailey, and Phillips, will find this described as "A cap of estate, wrought in the form of two crowns, worn by the Kings of England." Nor do dictionaries alone contain the entry; the editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the eighteenth century cyclopædias lend their sanction to this impostor; and more recently it has been included in dictionaries that render English into the modern languages, so that the above-given definition, duly translated into French, German, Portuguese, etc., disseminates this equivocal piece of information amongst our neighbours as well as here at home. The genealogical tree of this word, then, takes us back to Phillips, and points to him as its originator, for the earlier English dictionaries know it not. But Phillips was more enterprising as a word-collector than to consult dictionaries only; the terms of science, of sport, and of law were all within his province. Amongst other specialist works, he had gleaned from the "Glossarium Archaologicum" of the learned Sir Henry Spelman, and thence he had translated the entry—

"*Abacot*; *Pileus augustalis Regum Anglorum*, 2 coronis insignitus, v. Chron. An. 1463 Ed. 4, pag. 666, col. 2, l. 27."

Phillips was content to accept Spelman's definition, backed as it is by so precise a reference to his authority. We, more sceptical, shall turn to examine the work in question, which is pretty easily identified as "Holinshed's Chronicle," edition of 1587, an edition "supervised and corrected," as the title-page phrases it, by Abraham Fleming; and here, on page 666, is the warrant for Spelman's entry, in a description of the battle of Hedgely Moor:—

"King Henrie was a good horseman that day, for he rode so fast awaie that no man might ouertake him, and yet he was so neere pursued, that certaine of his henchmen were taken, their horses trapped in blue veluet, and one of them had on his head the said King Henries helmet, or rather (as may be thought, and as some say) his high cap of estate, called Abacot, garnished with two riche crownes."

But this is Fleming's Holinshed only. What did Holinshed himself make of the word? We take a step farther back, look into the original edition of 1577, and find on page 1314:—

"Kyng Henrie was a good horseman that day, for he rode so fast away, than no man might ouertake, and yet hee was so neere pursued that certaine of his Henxmen were taken, theyr horses trapped in blew velvet, and one of them hadde on his head the sayde Kyng Henries helmette, or rather (as may be thought) and as some saye, his high cappe of estate, called Abococke, garnished with two riche crownes."

So that Fleming evidently regarded as no sinecure his office of supervisor and corrector, and *abacot* for *abococke* is one fruit of his efforts. His reason for the change we can only guess at; perhaps he had some plausible etymological fancy, just as modern etymologists, taking *abacot* to be genuine, have treated it as a French word, a diminutive from *abaque* "an abacus, the flat plate surmounting the capital of a column"—a worthy derivation, it has been jocularly remarked, for the supposed name of a royal "tile." But as yet we have only replaced mystery by mystery; *abococke* is as unintelligible as *abacot*. Holinshed himself, however, was more of a compiler than an author, and we may trace back this passage to the sources from which he transferred it to his chronicle; he must have taken it either from Grafton's Chronicle of 1569, or Hall's "Vnion of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and York," printed in 1548, in both of which it appears in almost identical form. Here is the story as Hall gives it:—

"Kyng Henry was this day the beste horseman of his company: for he fled so faste that no man could ouertake hym, and yet he was so neere persued, that certain of his henchmen or folowers were taken, their horses beyng trapped in blew veluet, wherof one of them had on his hed the saide Kyng Henries healmet. Some say his high cap of estate, called Abococked [2nd edition of 1550 *abococket*], garnished with twoo riche Crounes."

And now our chase is nearly ended; one more stride and we reach the goal. Hall was indebted for the facts, and in part for the words, of his narrative to the chronicle of Alderman Fabyan, written about 1494 and printed early in the sixteenth century, wherein, at page 654, we unearth the original of the mysterious *abacot* and intermediate *abococket* in the passage:—

"The lorde John of Mountagu . . . chasyd Henry so nere, that he wan from hym certayne of his folowers trapped with blew velvet, and his bycoket, garnysshed with ii crownes of golde, and fret with perle and riche stone."

So that *abococket* is a muddled and mangled form of *bycoket*, a word common enough in the English, and still commoner in the French, of that period, and meaning simply "a two-peaked cap." Henry VI's "bycoket" was ornamented

with two crowns to signify his double kingship, for he had been crowned king of both England and France; but two crowns formed no necessary part of such a head-gear, and the definition of modern dictionaries, "a cap of estate, wrought in the form of two crowns," is as ludicrous a misrepresentation of the thing as *abacot* is of the word that named it.

But it is not alone the earlier dictionaries that manufacture these bogus words; the process still continues; and after our long disquisition on *abacot* it will perhaps be refreshing to look at one or two simpler blunders. Webster has a verb "*beast*, to hunt for two crowns," due entirely to a failure to unravel the elliptical construction in a passage from Spenser's "*Amoretti*":

"As Diane hunted on a day,
She chaunst to come where Cupid lay,
his quiver by his head:
One of his shafts she stole away,
And one of hers did close conuay
into the others stead:
With that loue wounded my loues hart,
But Diane beasts with Cupids dart,"

wherein Spenser by no means asserts that Diana "beasts" or "goes beasting," but that while with her shaft Cupid was wounding "my loues hart," she used Cupid's to wound the beasts of her chase.

Richardson, whose dictionary consists of illustrative quotations arranged below the chief word of a group of derivatives, has under *budge* a quotation for *budgeness*, taken, through the medium of Warton's "*History of English Poetry*," from the sixteenth century poet, Richard Stanyhurst—

"A Sara for goodnesse, a great Bellona for budnesse,
For myldenesse Anna, for chastitye goodly Susanna."

Latham, the latest editor and supplementer of Johnson's Dictionary, hence also quoting Stanyhurst on Warton's authority, enters *budgeness* as a main word amongst his additions, venturing moreover to describe it as an "attribute suggested by *Budge* = stern; sternness, severity." But Warton has misled them both; a reference to the original in Stanyhurst's works reveals the fact that the word is really *hudnesse*, his fantastic way of spelling *hugeness*, the genuine quotation being—

"A Sara for goodnesse, a great Bellona for hudnesse."

And here is an entry from a very modern dictionary, one that indeed is still in course of issue. "*Breathm* (formed of Eng. *breath* + *-m*), that which is breathed," followed by due authentication from the columns of the "*Times*" (19th January, 1881) in the announcement that "Dr. B. W. Richardson will deliver a lecture on *Breath and Breathms*." In this case, however, appeal could be made to the talented lecturer, who knows nothing of *breathms*, but delivered a lecture on "*Breath and Breathing*" on the date in question; the "*Times*" compositor had mistaken *in* for *m*, and a dumpy *g* for *s*, and the mistake passed into

print, and thence into the too-sweeping drag-net of a modern lexicographer.

It may be as well here to state that the writer's knowledge of these spurious words and their history has been gained during his employment on the staff of the "*New English Dictionary*," edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, and published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford; the great aim of which is to treat every word historically, showing its origin, and tracing the whole course of its development, as an item of English speech. The comprehensive basis of this dictionary, and the method pursued in collecting the material on which it is founded, have already been fully described in the pages of this magazine¹; and it is only necessary briefly to repeat here, that about thirty years ago an appeal was made to the English-speaking and English-reading public to furnish the raw material required for the purposes of historical illustration, by writing out quotations from books of all periods of English literature, adding full reference to volume, part, chapter, page, etc., of the work quoted, and sending them in to the editor. This business of reading and making extracts started briskly at first, but after a few years languished almost to nothing, till, in 1879, it was revived and re-systematized under the direction of Dr. Murray, who had then undertaken to rear from these materials the organized fabric of a dictionary. Under his *régime*, as in the early days of the reading, slips with printed title were prepared for those who promised to make a large number of extracts from any particular work; and so enthusiastic was the service thus rendered, that several readers reckon by tens of thousands, and one by his almost hundreds of thousands, their contributions to this great verbal storehouse.

Of course the spurious words mentioned above find no exemplification in the material thus collected, because in literature proper they do not exist; but it was part of the exhaustive plan of the Dictionary, as Dr. Murray understood (and is executing) it, to include not only all words that have been used in literature, but also all those found in earlier dictionaries, provided always that there was a reasonable possibility of such words having at some time occurred in literary use. And so a number of words from the early lexicographers, Cockeram, Blount, and Bailey, appear in its pages, although one cannot help entertaining the suspicion that these worthy word-collectors sometimes merely took a Latin dictionary and forced the Latin words into an English dress, when we meet such unfamiliar compounds as Cockeram's *adequitate* "to ride by," *adhamate* "to hook," *adhalate* "to breathe on," and Bailey's *amnicolist* "one who dwells by a river," *amnigenous* "born near a river," *avidulous* "somewhat greedy," etc. These, however, are formations of which the structure is perceived at a glance, and which have ample analogy of familiar words to keep them in countenance in the loneliness of their dictionary life; they are "may-have-beens" or "might-bes" of the English tongue. The truly spurious word has no such redeeming

¹ See "*Leisure Hour*," p. 362 1893.

feature; and the tracking of *abacot*, *bassock*, and Co., to their source, and gibbeting them as impostors, is a sufficiently important though only incidental service rendered to our language by the "New English Dictionary."

But the question may arise, Does not the very method pursued in collecting material for this dictionary lay it open to the possibility of originating and perpetuating similar shams? May not misprints in early books, misreadings of manuscripts, or misinterpretation on the part of some volunteer collector, create new bogus words, whilst the old ones are being detected and exposed? It might, perhaps, occasionally be so, although the readers have in general shown themselves most careful and trustworthy, were not additional and exceptional safeguards employed. One cardinal rule is that all words of unique occurrence, unless of easily recognized formation, are rigorously scrutinized with the anterior presumption that they are very probably mistakes of some description; and if they pass muster at this first examination, the etymological treatment they receive passes the review of three or four experts before it is finally allowed to stand.

Thus, for example, one of the earlier readers had sent from Gawin Douglas's "Palice of Honour" (1501), as the sole instance of *Assure* adj. "sure, confident," the lines

"Thair was Phedra, Theseus, and Ariane,
The secreit, uise, hardie Ipomedon,
Assueir Hester, irrepreuabill Susane"—

where a very brief consideration served to show that *Assueir* is only a Scoto-anglicized form of *Ahasuerus*; had the missing comma separated the Persian monarch from his fair Jewish spouse, the reader too would have recognized his identity, and would have been spared this unwitting attempt at fabricating an unreal adjective. Again, among the compounds of *bank* was the word *bank-towt*, with its credibility vouched for by a quotation from Gabriel Harvey's "Pierces Supererogation," of date 1593, which ran, "It is not impossible for Humanity to be a spittle-man, Rhetorique a dummerell, History a bank tow." A "bank tow!" What can a "bank tow" be? An omnibus conductor perchance, pleading for passengers, and adding seductive force to his "Bank, bank!" by the marvellous cheapness of "A penny all the way!" No; 'buses and conductors were things of the future in the days of Good Queen Bess. Or did the banks of that time, anticipating the modern money-lender's web of newspaper advertisement, keep agents in the streets to offer loans "on personal security only" to hard-up tradesmen? No, nor is that the clue. Look again at this word—this single instance of a word; look at it suspiciously, and consider it in the light of 16th century spellings of *bank* derivatives; and the evident solution is suggested that *bank tow* is a misprint or misreading for *bankrout*, a frequent form of *bankrupt* when that term had been newly adopted from the French *banqueroute*, and almost the very one used in the Shakspeare folios where Shylock is grimly eager "to cut the forfeiture from that bankrout there."

These, however, were comparatively easy problems; other impostors were not so readily detected. Sorted under *Av-* was a single quotation for the word *avauntise*; it was taken from Love's translation of Bonaventura's "Speculum Vitæ Christi," or "Mirror of Christ's Life," and read thus:—

"And in so much he lowed him and auantysed hym silfe that also after he beganne to prech and to speke so high thinges of the godhede . . . yit the Iewes sette nought by hym; But despised, and scorned him."

The member of the editorial staff who first took this word in hand found it surrounded by a set of obsolete words connected with *vaunt* "to boast," and naturally, though too hastily, concluded that it belonged to the same party, fortifying himself in his conjecture by taking *loued* as an English representative of French *louer* "to praise," and putting self-praise and boasting together as a probable pair. With this idea uppermost in his mind, he wrote the following etymology for *avauntise*, "Probably an adaptation of French *avantir*, *avantissant*, an uncited variant of *avancer*, to boast, vaunt; but perhaps formed in English on Old French *avantise*, sb. boasting", and defined it as meaning "to vaunt, boast." But here the system of check and countercheck came beneficially into play; another assistant, looking through this piece of work, took "lowed" in its more natural English sense of "made low, humiliated," and then wondered at the incongruous conjunction of humiliation and boasting. Meanwhile the passage seemed to be familiar to him, and as the glimmer of reminiscence grew gradually into a certainty of recollection, he turned to the part of the Dictionary already published, where the same quotation, but from a different edition of Love's work, appears correctly under the word *Anientise* "to make nothing of, abase," with *aneantise* in place of the spurious *avauntise*. This is a further instance, it will be seen, of the difficulty caused by a turned *n*. The passage has since been verified in the edition quoted, where the word is indubitably *aneantise*, so that the false form is a printer's error, and not a mistake of the reader for the Dictionary. Nevertheless, if the latter had added a little more context, to make it clear that the statement refers to Jesus Christ, there would have been much less danger of the word's temporarily imposing upon the lexicographer, for the passage in full stands thus:

"And in so much he lowed him and auantysed hym silfe that also after he beganne to prech and to speke so high thinges of the godhede as the Gospell telleth, and to worch myracles, and wonders: yit the Iewes sette nought by him; But despised and scorned him—saynge what is he this—is nat he the wrightys sonne Ioseph."

A similar difficulty was experienced in the case of a quotation from Tim Bright's "Treatise on Melancholy," published in 1586, which made mention of "A mill driven by the winde . . . for aridding of rivers of waters out of drowned fens." The extract, there was subsequently reason to suppose, must have been taken, not directly from Tim Bright, but from some later work in which he

had been quoted, and the slip bore no reference to chapter or page, so that there was small chance of verifying the passage. *Arrid* was a reasonable-looking word, and could be admitted to provisional acceptance; but its etymology was by no means clear. There were two possibilities, neither of them very satisfactory; *arrid* might have been formed in English by prefixing a vaguely intensive *a-* or *ar-* to the simple verb *rid*, meaning thus "to get rid of", or it might be a mis-spelt adaptation of mediæval Latin *aridare* "to dry up." And so the matter stood, until by-and-by, when *avoid* was under treatment, there came deliverance from perplexity in the shape of the true quotation from Bright, in the words, "A mill driven by the winde . . . for avoiding of rivers of water out of drowned fens." *Avoid*, it may be explained, is here used in its obsolete sense, "to empty, get rid of, clear away," a very common meaning at that time, when guests at table "avoided" the dishes, not by refraining from the viands, but by promptly devouring them; whilst if they grew too noisy in their feasting, the guardians of the peace "avoided" the rioters, not by keeping cautiously away from the banquet-room, but by boldly bundling them out. In which same way *arrid* was forthwith "avoided," and bundled out into the limbo of verbal fictions.

And now this paper may fitly be brought to a close by returning to the inquisitorial work of the "New English Dictionary," and showing how it has traced out and exposed, not indeed an actually spurious word, but what is practically tantamount to it, a fictitious meaning assigned to a word of ordinary occurrence in other senses. The word is *beli*, and the sense assigned to it may be most easily seen in two quotations from modern writers. Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxon Church," writes of "The frequent repetition of the Lord's Prayer, technically called a belt of Pater-nosters"; subjoining a note to the effect that "A belt of

Pater-nosters appears to correspond with a string of beads of later times. . . It is probable that the belt contained fifty Pater-nosters." And Rock, in his "Church of our Fathers," says that "seven belts of Our Fathers had to be said for the deceased." It will scarcely be credited, in view of these circumstantial statements, that the "belt of Pater-nosters or Our Fathers" is a pure myth, without a shadow of historical foundation; and yet such is the case. The original fact, from which the fiction is blunderingly derived, is to be found in the Acts of the Anglo-Saxon Ecclesiastical Council held at Celchyth in the year 816, in the rule thus laid down in mediæval Latin, "et xxx diebus canonicis horis expleto synaxeos *at vii beltidum*, Paternoster pro eo cantetur." Omitting the three words in italics, this may be translated, "And for thirty days at the canonical hours, at the end of the service, let a Paternoster be sung for him." The three words here italicized are not Latin; they are a glossarial comment in Old English, for the benefit of the unlearned, on the phrase "canonicis horis" preceding, explaining that this means "at the seven bell-tides" or "times of bell-ringing" (compare our modern *spring-tide*, *summer-tide*, for "the time of spring or summer"). But our friend, Sir Henry Spelman, mistook them for Latin, and construed them along with the following word as "a paternoster of seven belts," which he explained as a "rosary." Other writers accepted his guidance, and followed in his wake; Johnson, the Non-juror, for instance, who wrote on Ecclesiastical Law in 1720, gave an elaborate description of belts set with studs serving the purpose of a rosary; and still later authors, as we have seen, no longer retaining the semblance of grammatical construction which led Spelman to take *beltidum* as a genitive plural and to translate it "of belts," have crowned the absurdity by transmuting "*vii beltidum*, Paternoster" into "seven belts of Paternosters."

ALFRED ERLEBACH.

WAYS OF LIFE AND WORK.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

GROWTH.

WHEN we begin to think of growth we soon see that it is both corporate and personal. It marks the church and the individual. Let us look at it in these lights. Take first the way of life and work shown by the chief personage in the early ages of the church, I mean St. Paul. His character and teaching are notable for "growth." Till he uttered his *Nunc Dimittis*, "The time of my departure is at hand," he knows no repose. His entrance into rest is "labour." He does not count himself to have apprehended. He forgets the things which are behind, as he reaches forth unto those which are before. He

presses towards the mark of his high calling in Christ Jesus. In all that he says and does we see the signs of a progress which is not hurried, but which does not faint; which is at the same time both unshaking and unceasing. And, in all true living men, there is some of this spirit of divine advancement and energy. It is not only that there is even something more to be done, more of the old work to be carried on, just as more fresh corn is ground in the same old mill, but the man himself progresses. Though he may have his special periods of pause, or lie fallow for a while, or have bad seasons in

the succession of his spiritual harvest, on the whole he stands steadier, walks firmer, sees farther, feels deeper, and knows more.

In St. Paul we may see this true growth, this divine change. He is the same, and yet not the same, because his change comes from within and not from without. There are two kinds of change. One which has no perceptible law, no root or foundation. This comes when a man thinks one thing on one day, and another on another, because he is simply weak and rootless, and yields readily to any influences. He is (as the Bible puts it) "blown about by every wind of doctrine." His changes are like those of a cloud, whose shape and colour shift according to the wind and the sunshine. The other kind of change is like that of a tree, which feeds indeed upon the air and the light, but has its roots in the ground, and keeps its main direction. It changes, but from within, after assimilating the nourishment, or digesting the food which it receives. Change in itself is not wrong. There can be no life, no recovery, no progress without it. It is indeed inevitable everywhere, and in everything, even when it marks decay rather than advancement. What we call the "dead body" changes.

Now, however, we are considering what we reckon to be growth in life. Let us look at some thoughts about change in the church and in the individual Christian. Take those in the church first. Though the church of Christ has its roots in the long past, though it be no creation of a later age, but is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone, it is a living building, built of living materials, and not like some immovable structure of antiquity, such as an Egyptian pyramid, whose change from its original shape can be only one of decay, however slow. The church, promised the guidance of the Spirit which leads into all truth, is bound to learn, if it would live, and not merely survive; if it is to have the impulse of fresh life, and merely exist as a well-preserved monument of antiquity. The church is like a tree up whose trunk the sap rises, whose branches swing in the wind, and whose twigs rise higher towards the sky, rather than like a building, the courses of whose stones may never be touched, if it is to stand secure. It is, moreover, not merely like a tree, but like a fruit-tree, bringing forth to the great Husbandman God. It thrives as it best takes in from the soil of His truth; and (as need shall require) is pruned by His wise hand. Thus it may be the same, and yet, in one sense, not the same. As it submits to the culture of God it learns and lives. That culture we believe the church to have been thought worthy of. We must not, however, think that such a pruning as part of it received some 300 years ago was a final one. The divine force which produced that reformation, when many waggon-loads of rotten growth were cut out, is not expended. It was not a process done once for all. It is taking new shapes, as must be the case where there is life in a body.

I can make my meaning plainer by shifting my illustration and comparing the church to a ship.

Now, a ship demands improvement in its naviga-

tion. At first men steered by the simplest rudimentary guides. They steered by the sun, moon, and stars. They were utterly dependent on the wind and the tide. These things, indeed, the sun, moon, stars, wind, and tide, were "divine." Men used the powers and guidance of God. But in time God revealed new powers and modes of progress to those who navigated the ship. He taught men the use of the compass, the sextant, the chronometer, the log, the chart, the steam-engine. These, though, as we say, discovered by man, are dependent on the great forces of God's world. We get their knowledge and use from Him just as much as we do the knowledge and use of the tide and the wind. But God is ever, if we will employ it, showing unto us a more excellent way. Thus the navigator who could once rely upon the simplest forms of divine force alone, in time makes use of those which are more manifold or complicated. He navigates his ship better. He sees further into the laws of movement and advance. Though relying on the same original source of knowledge and power as were used in rude and early times, he employs fresh methods, and sees his dominion over the seas corrected and enlarged. He enters a new period of navigating life. Imagine, however, people criticising such intelligent energy, and saying, "This is dangerous science, rash human invention. We will steer by the stars which are in heaven, we will use the wind and tide which are divine, and not dispute the purposes of God by steaming against them. We will be guided by these mystic powers, and cast ourselves on them in faith." We might reply, "Aye, but there is a larger faith which does not fear to use all such gifts and reason as God gives us, and even when the God-sent wind veers round, knows that it is still using a right God-instructed brain when it lights the furnace and steers on in the teeth of a gale."

And so, methinks, a church which lives and learns will not be afraid of the enlarged advanced intelligence which marks the later years of man's mind, and which has never made greater strides than in these latter days. While it retains its old spirit purpose and course, it appeals to feelings and wants, it uses fresh powers, it takes new shapes, which, if it were not a reforming church it might distrust. I do not enter into details; I do not particularise. To do so would occupy far more than the space which can be allotted to a little essay. We live in days of change, and while the church of Christ must look to God alone and the Spirit of His truth, it seems to me it cannot afford to rest upon, or go back to, that use of His power and knowledge alone, which was revealed in the earlier days of its course. The actual changes demanded may not come so soon as we may wish. But we are best in accord with the purposes of God as we perceive that they must gradually come, and while we live and hold to the old ship which has sailed so far, are ready to welcome any improvement in its divine navigation, upon the lines of truth, as the great laws of God are better known and understood.

Meanwhile, there are changes for which we

need not wait; which come, as it were, of themselves, and indeed upon the accumulation of which any adaptations of the church to the needs of her children must depend. I refer to the correction or enlargement of individual views. Few men can retain precisely the same opinion about anything throughout the course of their lives. Certainly St. Paul could not. When he was a child he thought as a child, but when he became a man he put away childish things. Nay, it was said of One greater than he, that He increased in wisdom and in stature. Again, I repeat, as we live we learn, and if we do not learn we can hardly be said to live. And true learning not only puts us in possession of new facts but gives us a better or changed knowledge of things which we knew before. Take a commonplace example. A child is born and bred in a country village. He grows up there. It is his world. Its trees fields streams and roads are his measure of the unknown earth. To him that hole in the river is an abyss of the watery deep. That barge in the slow weedy canal is his greatest ship. The copse is to him a forest. The side of the gravel pit is a precipice. The village magnates are his greatest personages. He goes out into the world, more or less, and comes back. The pit is only a pit. The barge is only a barge. The squire and the parson are not such potentates as they once seemed to be. All things are the same, and yet not the same. He is changed. They are not.

Take another example. A man living by the sea is familiar with the beach, the cliff, and the downs. He knows them, as he thinks, intimately. He gives them local names. He observes perceives and remembers; after a fashion. But, without going further out into the world, all may become changed to him. He may perhaps read a geological book which opens his eyes, and the old shore and rocks and swells of turf are full of new meaning. They tell him now of influences and forms of life which were unknown to him before. They are the same, but they are new to him. Before, hearing, he did not understand; seeing, he did not perceive. Now, he understands and perceives, at least he sees that there is much to be understood and perceived of which he had not even dreamed. Everything is seen to be connected with, and to run up into, the unknown. Each stick and pebble and leaf is perceived to be inextricably associated with eternal laws and unfathomable life. Before, he was satisfied, confident. In his small circle of experiences he had formed his conclusions such as they were, or had failed to see that there were any to be drawn. Now they are enlarged and corrected. He knows more, only to admit that there is much more to be known about the natural surroundings of his life. He is still ignorant, but his ignorance is not brutish. It is, rather, hopeful and receptive. It does not blind him, but helps to open his eyes.

And so surely in religion, in those matters which we think especially belong to God, there often is a new perception of His power and working. This sometimes comes suddenly. One great

change came thus upon St. Paul. But he did not pretend to see everything at once because his eyes were opened, or to think that he had no more to learn because he had tasted the freshness of divine knowledge.

Anyhow, whatever our place and course, there is mostly in man a passage from the childhood to the manhood of the soul. I say "mostly." Perhaps I ought to say "sometimes," for the mind does not reach maturity as surely as the body does. Some are—many are—mentally, children all their lives. They come of age, as we say. They are assumed to be capable of civil and legal obligations. They learn to be familiar with the processes and business of adult life. And in some respects they are shrewd. But as far as regards the higher powers, range, hopes, and fears of the matured soul, they remain in many respects children; and for their social, political, and probably for their religious convictions, are dependent upon others, taking the tone of their society and surroundings. They do not think for themselves. Perhaps they cannot. There are many who cannot. They have to be thought for. Whether they admit it in such plain words or not, many like to be advised, guided, directed, especially perhaps in matters of religion. But though it would be absurd and impracticable to affect to do away with personal guidance and advice, he is in the best spiritual condition who needs least, who takes the great principles of life as his guide, and requires the fewest rules and regulations in respect to what are called his religious duties. Christ suffered to "bring us to God." And the best comfort and counsel which a minister can give to inquirers is that God Himself is always ready to hear and to help them. If their souls are anywise athirst, the minister of Christ does not claim exclusive access to a mystic spring, as it were within gates, behind which he retires to bring out a cup full at a time. He rather says, in the words of his Master, "Whosoever will, let him drink of the waters of life freely." He would have those whom he teaches pass out of the state of dependent childhood, and set them as men in direct communion with their Father which is in Heaven. No doubt this course may be the least flattering to the minister, whatever his "views" may be, but be sure that it is the highest and healthiest for the man. It is also the hardest, for we are all tempted to escape responsibility and shift it to another. Still, we are individually responsible before God. Though we live in crowds, each stands alone before Him. And no man may deliver his brother, or make agreement unto God for him. Let us get natural support and comfort from human support. Let us seek to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ; but recollect nevertheless that Christ has opened a door which we may enter ourselves and find safety—a door whereby we may pass into His Father's presence, and, at first hand, receive of Him that help which enables us to have the best "growth," that is, that towards the measure of the "stature of Christ."

SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

BY THE REV. T. S. MILLINGTON, AUTHOR OF "BY HOOK OR BY CROOK."

CHAPTER XXI.—I HAD A FRIEND!

In his old lunes again.—*Merry Wives.*

Musing full sadly in his sullen mind.—*Spenser.*



CAPTAIN CRAV TELLS THE STORY OF A WRECK.

THERE has been another consultation of medical men at Hyson House, for the time is drawing near when the operation by which Mr. Acworth's sight is to be restored may, it is hoped, be successfully performed. But he is again out of health—sleepless, excited, and full of strange fancies; and until some improvement can be reported in this respect nothing can be done.

Mr. Acworth is, indeed, very much to be pitied. To see him wandering about his library, feeling his way from chair to chair, with a switch or riding-whip in each hand, like the antennæ of some huge insect; to note the heavy, careworn expression of his face, and the anxious, nervous way in which he turns and listens when any one enters the room, like one who is ever on the watch

for evil tidings, could scarcely fail to move compassion even in a stranger. There is no one now to read and write letters for him except Mrs. Welladay, who receives little thanks for her good offices, her master being as irritable as he is dependent. There is no one to soothe him with sweet music or enliven him with pleasant reading, for Deacon is gone, no one knows where, and Bertha is ill, dull, silent, reserved, out of spirits; no one is supposed to know why. And there is no gentle, dumb, fourfooted companion to come to him when he is alone and lie at his feet or rest his long, soft chin upon his knee, to run before him in his walks abroad, or lick the hand thrust out to trifle with him or caress him.

Penfold has been to see his principal two or

three times, bringing an account of business done at Mincing Hill, where, for some reason which no one can understand, trade seems to be falling off and profits constantly diminishing. The accountant, by whom the books are audited at regular intervals, can discover nothing wrong—nothing out of order—and does not hesitate, after each inspection, to certify that the accounts are carefully and correctly kept and all the vouchers and other customary guarantees in strict order. But the fact remains; business is continually falling off and profits are dwindling, till the result becomes alarming.

In the midst of his perplexities the blind man often thinks of Edward Deacon—thinks of him with regret, though he still hardens himself against him, and nurses his unreasonable wrath as an ill-used man. But the truth is, though he will not confess it, that he is conscious of having done his secretary an injustice, and he is angry with him for having, as he supposes, resented the unjust treatment, and will not forgive him.

Poor Mrs. Welladay also has enough just now to worry her, the chief cause of her anxiety being the evident depression and heart-sickness of her dear child Bertha. She now almost regrets that she had been so successful at Southgate-on-Sea in finding the man who had saved Bertha's life, for which discovery the good lady had always taken great credit to herself, forgetting that she had lost him again as soon as found. If Edward Deacon had never come under that roof Bertha would soon have ceased to think of him. Mrs. Welladay had lent herself, it must be owned, to promote rather than discourage the romantic attachment which had sprung up between the two. It was likely to end badly, and Bertha was suffering both in heart and health.

Yet while Mrs. Welladay regretted that she had been so successful in her former search, she was no less mortified at the failure of her efforts to discover Edward Deacon a second time. She had promised Bertha to "find him for her," and she had felt so much confidence in her own skill and experience as a detective, that she fully expected to bring the fugitive back to Hyson House within a few days, or perhaps hours. Yet she had utterly failed. Deacon had been traced to a hotel in London, but he had only halted there for a short time on his way to some other place, and with the object, it was presumed, of throwing pursuers off the scent. Mrs. Welladay herself had endeavoured to follow him, and had engaged others to do the same, but many weeks had elapsed, and no traces of him had been found.

And now the doctors, putting their heads together for the third time, had pronounced judgment upon Mr. Acworth and his daughter, and had sentenced them to a term of banishment to the sea-coast for the strengthening of their physical health and the restoration of their mental tranquillity. Excitement of every kind was bad, especially for the elder patient. There must be nothing to irritate him. A healthy, placid condition, both of mind and body, was essential to the successful treatment of his eyes. This was urged upon Mrs. Welladay and commended especially to

her attention, as if it had been in her power to apply the remedy. But who can minister to a mind diseased? If the housekeeper could have done that the physician would hardly have been wanted to recommend the treatment. Nothing would have given her greater pleasure, nothing would have afforded so much relief to herself personally, as to see her patients restored to their wonted peace of mind.

"Change of air," Mrs. Welladay said to herself when she had received her orders, "and change of scene! Well, any change must be for the better, poor things! But if Mincing Hill and Hyson House were a hundred miles away the master would not forget Penfold and the business. I wish he could. And poor dear Bertha, she may get the sea air and sea bathing, but she won't leave off thinking about the gentleman who saved her life and at the same time won her heart. He had no business to go off in that way, and never to let no one know where he is, taking her heart with him, so that she don't even know where to look for it. Poor thing! she carries it off wonderfully, pretending not to care. But I can see! Love is like a eel in a bag; there's no hiding it, not even if you was to sit on it. And that's the way with Bertha; she'd soon be well again if it was not for—the eel."

Then she thought of poor Mrs. Best, whom she had left the night before in such trouble about a husband who must be either dead or alive—one or the other, no doubt—but no one could tell which, and who might be all right or all wrong, in either case; no one could say how that was either. She might hear any day that he was dead, and that, of course, would be a grief to her and to her children; or he might return and show himself alive in a condition not fit to be seen, which would be a still greater misfortune. It was better not to be married at all, Mrs. Welladay said to herself. She was glad that she had never given much encouragement to young men to come after her. She might have been married at the same time as her fellow-servant was, to two young sailors at least, and would perhaps have consented if only she had been able to make up her mind which of the two to select. But she thanked her stars now that prudence had prevailed.

But what was she thinking about? She must not sit there meditating and musing; she had plenty to do and must set about it; and she rose and swept the cobwebs from her brain.

Just then there was a ring at the bell; and a minute later Captain Cray was announced, and Mrs. Welladay had but just time to strip the white sleevelets from her arms before he entered. What could have brought him? What could he want to see her for so soon after their parting only last evening?

The captain's look was grave. He told his errand in few words. Mrs. Best had heard tidings of her husband. He was dead. The poor widow had no friend nearer or so near as Mrs. Welladay. Captain Cray hoped she would go and see her, and was sure she would be kind to her.

"It was strange, very strange," the good lady

said, when the news had been told: "but she had been thinking about poor John Best just a few minutes before, and wondering whether he was living or dead. Such things often happened; there was more in it than was usually supposed; it was sure to be a sign of something when people got to thinking about other people—either of death or"—the word "marriage" had almost fallen from her, but she suppressed it in time. "She was very sorry for Mrs. Best, and would go and see her."

"Mr. Acworth has been very kind to Mrs. Best, thanks to you, Mrs. Welladay," said the captain.

"Yes, and I must go and tell him. He will be very sorry. Mrs. Best was here at our Christmas party, and he talked to her about her husband. Perhaps you would like to see him yourself, Captain Cray?"

"Just as you please, Mrs. Welladay."

"I'll hear what he says," she replied.

Mrs. Welladay returned after a short absence, and begged the captain to follow her to the library.

"Mr. Acworth is rather peculiar," she said. "He don't always see things as other people do. You won't mind, I dare say. He wants humouring, you know. It's his blindness; but he would like to see you and to hear about poor Catherine."

Bertha and her father were together in the library when Captain Cray was ushered into it, and they listened with interest to his account of Best's death. Mrs. Welladay, after a whispered conference with Bertha, went away.

"She is gone to see the poor widow, Captain Cray," Bertha said, "and hopes to find you here on her return."

The captain "had no idea of intruding, he could not think of staying there so long."

But he stayed nevertheless. Mr. Acworth brightened up wonderfully as he listened to the old sailor's conversation. He had had a great deal to do with sailors at one time, frequenting the docks and visiting the ships in which his cargoes were borne from India and China. He had left that part of the business to others of late years; but it interested him to hear Captain Cray's sea talk and world-wide experiences. The time passed quickly. Luncheon was served, and the captain sat down with his host—and lingered after that.

"You had better wait for Mrs. Welladay's return," Mr. Acworth said. "She will be disappointed if she does not find you here."

"Do you think so?" the captain asked. "Do you think she will, really?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then I will wait."

"Perhaps you would like to take a turn out of doors?" Mr. Acworth said.

The captain assented, and they went forth together, Acworth leaning upon the captain's arm.

"I had a friend once—a nice, dear companion in my walks," the blind man said, presently.

"Ah, yes; I have heard so."

"But he is dead!"

"Dead! you don't mean that?"

"Yes, dead; the dog, I mean. I was speak-

ing about the dog; poor Jerry, the dog, you understand."

"Oh, yes; I had heard of the poor dog also."

"My companion was a dog," Acworth repeated; "I was fond of that dog; poor creature! I miss him every day—the dog, you understand."

They walked together towards the church, the door of which was open. Some one was playing the organ, too. Acworth would have passed on, but yielded to his companion's wish, and entered the church with him.

It was a curious accident, but they had not been there more than a minute or two when the performer, after turning over some music and trying one or two pieces, began to play the same touching air which had so deeply affected Mr. Acworth on a former occasion, twelve months ago or more—"Total Eclipse," from *Samson*. After the first two or three bars, Acworth turned away suddenly, and would have left the church, but the captain, not understanding his motive, laid his hand gently on his arm to stay him. He was himself too much entranced with the concord of sweet sounds to observe how greatly his companion was agitated; and they remained till the piece was finished. The organist played with taste and feeling; and at the close shut up the organ and approached them. He recognised Mr. Acworth, and spoke to him in passing.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the captain, "what is it called—the last piece?"

"'Total Eclipse.' Did you like it? Had you heard it before?"

"No. It is beautiful!"

"I found it among some other music left here by a gentleman who used to play for me sometimes," he said. "I dare say he would be glad to have it. He went away rather suddenly, and I do not know his address. Perhaps Mr. Acworth can tell me?"

Acworth muttered a negative, and, taking the captain by the arm, left the church without another word.

"Let us go home," he said, presently; "it is too warm for walking to-day."

"I am afraid you are not very well," said the captain, observing his emotion.

The blind man did not answer, nor did he speak again until they reached Hyson House.

Bertha had not been out; she was sitting in the bay window with some work before her, which, like Penelope's web, made but little progress. She took it up whenever any one was in the room and did a few stitches, or undid them, as occasion might require, but let it lie idly in her lap as long as she was alone. Mrs. Welladay had watched the progress of that bit of knitting with more anxiety than the nature of the work would have accounted for. She looked upon it as a sort of barometer, indicating the state of her darling's mental atmosphere. It was so unlike Bertha to sit languidly over a patch of wool, to ply her needles without any distinct motive, and to make such slow progress.

Bertha took up her work as her father entered, and then dropped it again seeing that he was alone. She would have gone to the door to meet

him, but she fancied he would not like it. He never leant upon her arm as he had done upon Captain Cray's, nor suffered her to lead him by the hand; and he had, in fact, become so accustomed to make his own way about the house that assistance was not necessary.

"Is any one in the room?" he asked.

"I am here," said Bertha.

He stood still, extending his arms helplessly, and Bertha ran to him.

"Thank you," he said.

"What is it, father? Are you unwell?"

"Oh, no; only for the moment. I seemed lost."

He looked so still, hesitating in his steps and walking feebly.

Bertha led him to his chair.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Nothing; nothing."

"Where have you been?"

"Ask no more questions."

He was better now, evidently, for his voice had regained its usual tone, and his manner its usual acerbity.

Mr. Acworth scarcely opened his lips again all that evening, but sat brooding uneasily in his chair. Once, after he had apparently dozed off for a few moments, Bertha noticed that he put out his hand, feeling for something, and withdrew it with a muttered expression of disappointment.

"Poor dog!" he said. "He is dead; he would not have gone away and left me. Poor dog!"

Poor blind man!

CHAPTER XXII.—OVER THE WAY.

Now does my project gather to a head.—*Shakespeare.*

ALTHOUGH it was quite decided that change of air and scene were to be sought without delay, neither Bertha nor her father could make up their minds in what direction to seek it. "Anywhere you like," the latter had said; "only not too far off." Anywhere was nowhere to the former, who was equally indifferent, and could not apply her thoughts to the question long enough to arrive at a decision.

Mrs. Brownhill came and gave her advice. Sir Bailey Finch also called, and proposed first one nice place and then another, and offered his services to make inquiries, and do anything else to help them. But they were strangely perverse, for it seemed as if the very mention of any particular locality by Mrs. Brownhill or Sir Bailey was enough to set them against it.

The vicar's wife had been appeased by a gift of plate for the church as good, or at least as costly, as that which had been stolen. It was an extravagance which Acworth would gladly have been spared under the present state of things at Mincing Hill, but Mrs. Brownhill gave him no peace. "He was churchwarden," she said, "and of course they must look to him to provide what was necessary, or to get it somehow. The plate had been in his custody. It was not his fault, she admitted, that it had been stolen, but that young man, Mr. Deacon, was answerable for it."

And to put an end to the frequent repetition of that charge, or it might be of that *name*, Mr. Acworth had declared he would restore the plate himself, and had given the necessary order for it to a firm at Birmingham.

"I cannot afford it," he had said, petulantly. "Everything is going wrong with me. I am unable to attend to business, and there is no one on whom I can rely to do it for me; but it shall not be said that the church suffers on my account."

Again, when Mrs. Brownhill proposed to take a house for him at Llandudno, belonging to a friend of her own, nicely retired, with a fine view of the sea, and with coach-house and stable, where he might have his own carriage and horses, at a weekly rental which would have been exorbitant, he had said once more, plainly and decidedly, that he had no money to throw away, and must study economy.

Mrs. Brownhill had reported this to her husband, and they had talked it over with Sir Bailey Finch and others, and had not known what to make of it. They had always thought that Acworth was a man of substance, independently of his business. Business was bad everywhere, and of course he would feel it as well as other people. Sir Bailey admitted that it looked rather fishy, and his visits to Hyson House became less frequent, though he was not to be reproached for that, since neither Mr. Acworth nor his daughter gave him any encouragement.

"Where are we to go?" Mrs. Welladay asked yet once again after she had made her preparations.

"Where are we to go, Miss Bertha?"

"Ask my father."

"He will say, as he has said already, 'Ask Bertha.' What do you think of Brighton?"

"Brighton. Oh, no!"

"Well then, Ramsgate?"

"Ramsgate, in the summer! detestable!"

"Margate, Herne Bay, Southend?"

"O no, no, no!"

Mrs. Welladay had no other localities to suggest, nor would it be of any use, she argued. She had visited each of those resorts, and loved them. Any one who could not make choice within those limits must be hard to satisfy. Moreover, Captain Cray had hinted that the places she had named were within easy reach of Coromandel Walk, either by river or rail; and he might possibly just run down and look in upon them if they should decide upon either of them.

"I don't believe we shall go anywhere," said Mrs. Welladay. "I wish I could put this house upon a truck, as the Americans do whole streets, and wheel it away with them in it. Mr. Deacon could have done it for us I dare say. Ah! I believe we shall stay where we are all the summer."

It really did seem likely. Every one else took flight; some in one direction, some in another.

At last Mr. Acworth and Bertha made up their minds to go to some place on the coast of Wales, quietly and economically, for a few weeks. The day even was fixed, though not the precise locality, when events occurred which compelled them to change their plans entirely.

Mr. Acworth, thinking it desirable to pay a visit to the counting-house before leaving home, though it was but little that he could do when there, drove up to the door unexpectedly, accompanied by Bertha, without whom he seldom went anywhere. They were but dull company for each other, wrapped in their own separate thoughts, and seldom spoke except as the exigencies of the moment required; but the blind man could not go about alone, and there was no one else to accompany him.

The clerks' office was empty, with the exception of a lad, an errand-boy.

"Where is Mr. Penfold?" Acworth asked.

The boy did not know.

"Mr. Spiegelhalter, are you here?" he asked, turning his blind eyes towards the unoccupied desks.

Spiegelhalter did not answer.

"He is not in the room," said Bertha.

"Who is here?" he asked, testily. "Is the place deserted?"

"It appears so, really," Bertha replied. "I dare say they are not far off."

The boy had disappeared, leaving them standing.

"No wonder business falls off," said Acworth, "if the office is left in this way at the busiest hour of the day."

It did not seem to be a very busy hour at that particular office. For some minutes Bertha and her father were left quite alone. There was no one upstairs or down. A few letters were on one of the desks, still unopened. Bertha read them to her father by his desire. They were of no particular importance, but in more than one of them complaints were made of inattention to orders or of failure to send remittances which had been expected.

Mr. Acworth, who had always prided himself upon the strictest punctuality in business matters, was indignant, and stood fretting and fuming, wondering what could be the meaning of it, and ready to discharge the vials of his wrath upon the heads of his manager, his clerks, and his whole establishment. Presently Mr. Penfold appeared, followed by Spiegelhalter, the errand-boy bringing up the rear. It was evident that he had lied in saying he did not know where they were, and had gone in haste to fetch them.

"What is the meaning of this?" Mr. Acworth said.

"If you will come into my room," Penfold answered, "I shall be happy to talk to you. I cannot give explanations here in public."

Bertha led her father into the manager's room and closed the door.

"I am surprised at finding the office deserted in this way."

"Deserted, Mr. Acworth?"

"Yes, sir; no one here, not even a clerk; and the letters unopened."

Penfold took the letters from Bertha and cast his eyes over them hastily.

"There is nothing in these," he said, "nothing of consequence."

"Everything is of consequence in business, Mr. Penfold."

"Relatively, of course," the other said. "They would all have been attended to in good time."

"I am excessively annoyed," Acworth said. "You ought to be more attentive, more considerate, Mr. Penfold. I am obliged to leave everything to you."

"But you don't," said Penfold, rudely. "If you had recognised that necessity and given me more freedom it would have been better, for every reason. I have been pestered with auditors, lawyers, private secretaries, ladies even, coming here, examining my accounts and interfering with my action, until I can put up with it no longer. I am about to leave your office, Mr. Acworth."

This was a surprise, but not so great a shock as the manager had expected it would be. Mr. Acworth had himself contemplated a change, though not immediately. He hoped to be able ere long to attend to business personally, and then to be guided by circumstances.

"It is time for me to look after my own interests," said the manager.

"Very well, Mr. Penfold. You will give me a proper notice, of course."

"What notice do you require?"

"I must consider. I must have advice. Meantime is it too much to ask you to give due attention to the business of the house while you remain here?"

"I shall do my duty, Mr. Acworth. If you doubt it I will go away at once."

"While you remain I must trouble you to see that the clerks also attend to their work. Mr. Spiegelhalter—"

"Yes, Mr. Acworth?" said that gentleman.

"Do you think it right to go away and leave the office in charge of no one but an errand-boy?"

"I am on the point to go away too, sir—for ever I have arranged it with Mr. Penfold. I am no longer of your *employés*."

"You going also?"

"Yes, sir. In fact I am no more. I am gone."

"Where to?"

Spiegelhalter did not reply.

"Mr. Penfold, will you be good enough to explain?" said Acworth, turning his sightless orbs towards the manager.

"Well," said the person addressed, dropping his eyes, as if unable to meet even that mute appeal. "Well, we need not make any mystery about it. The fact is, Mr. Spiegelhalter and I are about to commence business on our own account."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, sir."

"As tea merchants?"

"Yes; tea merchants."

"Next door?"

"No, sir; not next door; over the way; on the other side of the Hill."

"Perhaps you have already begun?"

"To some extent—yes; that is to say, Mr. Spiegelhalter having thrown up his situation in this office—"

"Since when?"

"Since Saturday last—is now, I was about to

say, occupied in our own counting-house over the way. That is why he was not here. Couldn't be in two places at the same time, you know," he added, in his silkiest tones.

"You are impertinent," said Acworth.

The other was about to reply, when Bertha interfered.

"For shame, sir," she said, in tones so low that but for the movement of her lips her voice would scarcely have been understood, while her flashing eye gave emphasis to her words. With one hand she pointed to her father, sightless and helpless, and with the other to the door.

Penfold quailed before her, and turned to leave the room.

"Am I to go, Mr. Acworth?" he asked, standing in the doorway.

"Yes, sir; I think you had better go."

"I have your permission?"

"You have. I will get some one to take over the books and papers. My solicitor and the accountant will see to that."

"Whenever you please."

And, with a distant bow to Miss Acworth, of which she took no notice, Penfold left the room, and went downstairs.

"So. He is gone," said Acworth. "I am relieved."

"So am I," said Bertha. "But what will you do for help?"

"I must be my own manager for a time, with your assistance. I am afraid there will not be much to manage. He has been false to me, supplanting me with my correspondents; and now he has declared himself, and set up a rival house."

They sat down after a time, and with Bertha's assistance the letters were answered and two or three clients who called interviewed.

"We have done a day's work, Bertha," said her father, as they drove away; "and I feel the better for it. We must come again to-morrow, if you do not mind."

Bertha also felt the better for it, and expressed her willingness to be useful. The occupation, if not particularly interesting in itself, had served to distract her mind from other cares, and she would have been willing to accept a permanent engagement as corresponding clerk on the spot, if it had been necessary. Moreover, this community of interests had had the effect of drawing father and daughter nearer to each other and restoring that sympathy of mind and heart which, outwardly at least, had of late been wanting. They were both of them happier as they drove home together, and felt better prepared for any adversity they might yet have to encounter.

Before leaving the City they called at the accountant's office and made an appointment with him; and then went on to Bloomsbury Square. Mr. Kenn promised to send a clerk to the counting-house to write letters and do other business, under the master's direction, until he could find some one more technically competent; and by the time they arrived at Hyson House both Acworth and his daughter had persuaded themselves that the sudden departure of Penfold and Spiegelhalter

from the counting-house was a subject for rejoicing rather than dismay.

"I shall have to be at the office a great deal in future," said Acworth. "We must pick up the business again. It may even be necessary to stay there sometimes late at night. I wonder whether I could have two or three rooms fitted up over the counting-house, and lodge there occasionally."

"That will not be necessary, dear father," Bertha answered.

"Perhaps not; but it would be a convenience." And he recurred to the idea more than once that evening when they were alone. "We must be up betimes to-morrow," he said, as he wished his daughter good night, meeting her lips with his own, instead of merely suffering her to kiss his forehead, as had been the way of late. "I am quite pleased to be in harness again. It was a mistake to lie by as I have done. We never know what we can do till we try. I shall stick closely to business now; and with some assistance—"

He did not finish the sentence, and they parted without another word on either side. The same thought had occurred to each of them. If only Edward Deacon had been with them now, how independent they would have felt! He had been always ready and always efficient; nothing of a business man, but quick at understanding what was required of him, and possessed of good sound common sense. Notwithstanding all that had happened, Mr. Acworth knew that he was thoroughly to be depended upon, and that he would have given himself heartily and efficiently to promote his interests.

But neither Acworth nor Bertha could speak on that subject. The name Deacon, though seldom absent from their thoughts, was never uttered. In that respect there was as yet no sympathy manifested between the blind man and his child.

Mr. Acworth's devotion to business, far from wavering, as might have been expected, seeing how small a part he had taken of late in the actual work of the counting-house, only became more decided as he applied himself more closely to it. Early and late he was to be found at Mincing Hill, with Bertha as a companion. The daily drive through the streets and suburbs became, however, very wearying, if not injurious to the blind man's health. He did not mind the work, he said; but the going to it early and returning from it in the evening added so much to the labour of the day, and was so harassing in itself, dragged along through noise and darkness, as he expressed it, that he began seriously to consider the question of making his abode, for a time at least, in the upper part of the house in which his business was conducted. There could be little doubt that he was influenced at the same time by motives of economy. There was a great deal of lee-way to be recovered in the business, the present income from which did not justify the large expenditure which was inseparable from such an establishment as Hyson House. But of that he said but little to Bertha. The ostensible motive for changing his pleasant home in the country for

the close quarters and murky atmosphere of Mincing Hill was the convenience of being always near the spot where his presence was so constantly required.

"Let us go upstairs and look at the rooms," he said to Bertha one morning after the letters had been read and the day's routine was fairly begun in the office. "Let us see whether we can make anything of them."

They mounted two flights of stairs, broad, easy, and old-fashioned. The front rooms had been used for samples and packing; but they had been swept and the windows cleaned and opened in anticipation of such a visit as this, Mr. Acworth being almost as sensitive in regard to cleanliness as if he had been able to see clearly. The rooms at the back were larger and in every way more pleasant. The windows opened there upon a court, surrounded indeed with buildings, but leaving a much greater space open to the heavens. The ground below was enclosed, with no public access from the street, and some attempt had been made to adorn it with shrubs in boxes, which, with some plants in the windows looking to the south and west, gave almost a cheerful and refreshing aspect to the spot.

Acworth saw all this in the brightest possible colours, with Bertha's eyes, and was glad, for her sake, to find that the outlook on that side was so much pleasanter than his recollection of it would have led him to expect. He had seldom visited these rooms, which had been used solely for business purposes; but they had, no doubt, been occupied at an earlier date by the families of those who carried on business in the warehouses below. They were panelled from floor to ceiling, and adorned with moulded beadings, elaborate cornices, and handsome carved mantel-pieces. The doors were solid and the grates old-fashioned, but ample. A little repair here and there, a great deal of cleaning, and a judicious application of the decorator's art sufficed to make them all that could be required. Some furniture was brought from the ample and luxurious store at Hyson House, and some few articles ordered in addition from the upholsterer's; and then the rooms were ready.

It was certainly a great change for both of them, but they had resolved, each separately, yet with the same purpose, and therefore, it may be said, with one accord, to make the best of it. And when an opportunity offered soon afterwards to let their former dwelling, furnished, they gladly availed themselves of it. Mrs. Welladay, of course, came with them to their City home, and two other servants completed their establishment.

It was rather dull at first, but did not prove to be so intolerable as some of their neighbours had prophesied, nor even so unpleasant as they had themselves expected. They had not many callers of the Hyson House kind, but being fully occupied during the day they did not miss them much. Mrs. Brownhill came to see them, and was surprised to find how comfortable, and even handsome, their apartments were. She thought it was so good and sensible of them to accommodate themselves to circumstances. She was grieved,

of course, to lose them, but hoped everything would come right, and that they would be as happy and prosperous as ever in Hyson House again before long.

Bertha was glad when she departed, feeling sure that she had come only to spy out the nakedness of the land, and that having done so, and formed her own conclusions, it would be long enough before she would take the trouble to pay them another visit.

Next came Sir Bailey Finch.

He was so sorry! It seemed such a pity to leave that nice place, quite in the country, as one might say, where you could fancy yourself—in fact, anywhere. He scarcely knew how to find them in the City, where there were so many houses and people, and all that; but they seemed to have made themselves comfortable, and it was not half such a bad place as he had imagined when once you got there. He stayed to luncheon, and was surprised at the resources of the establishment. Of course, it was only for a time, he said—a freak of Mr. Acworth's, a sort of practical joke. Ha, ha! very good! He hoped their health would not suffer, that was all. They must be intending to return to Hyson House soon. No? they did not contemplate it at present? Ah, they would think better of it. They would miss their garden, their books and pictures, their carriages and horses.

"The horses have been sold," said Bertha.

"You don't mean it? I heard so, but I did not believe it—never believe more than half what people say, you know. Well, it is a curious fancy, but it will not last long, I dare say."

"It is no fancy," said Bertha; "we have very good reasons for coming here."

"Really? Oh, yes, of course."

And presently the baronet concluded that he had very good reasons for going away, and with a hasty adieu took himself off, and was never seen again at Mincing Hill.

A more welcome and more agreeable visitor than either of these was Miss Julia Feathershawe. She had come to London shopping during the vacation, while her sister went to Paris on a similar errand. Everything east of St. Paul's Churchyard was new to her, and she enjoyed her liberty so thoroughly, going about with Bertha to the Tower, the docks and the shipping, and making excursions upon the river in the cool of the evening, that it was quite a pleasure to have her there. She threw out a feeler once or twice about the baronet, and, finding that Bertha expressed no manner of interest in him, hazarded the remark that he was supposed to be paying attention to a young lady who had been with them at Acme House, and was very rich; but, as neither riches nor rank could secure happiness, she hoped the young lady in question would be very careful. They had been exceedingly guarded with her while she was under their roof, but the baronet had met her at the terminus at Southgate-on-Sea, and had travelled up to London with her, in spite of all that they could do to anticipate and to prevent it.

"Watercresses, in a large way, my dear," said the good lady, laying her hand tenderly on

Bertha's arm, and with a doubtful expression of face, as if she knew not whether she ought to rejoice or be sad. "Watercresses! is it not surprising? We never mentioned it at Acme House; and we never ventured to have any on the table, lest it should give rise to remarks. Miss Marsh was not like you. You were always proud of your tea, or seemed to be so. Watercresses! who could have thought it? In a very large way, of course."

One of the most frequent visitors, and, for Mr. Acworth, by far the "best company," was Captain Cray. He often dropped in in the evening, and spent an hour or so with the blind man. He read the papers to him, walked out with him when he wanted exercise, and was always ready to be of use. Mrs. Welladay had a little sitting-room near the master's, at which the captain never failed to heave-to as he went in or out, for a quarter of an hour's chat; and they were very friendly and comfortable together.

All this time, as if by silent accord, the name of Edward Deacon was never spoken. Mrs. Brownhill, with her usual facility for being disagreeable, had made some allusion to him, but without evoking any response beyond a significant silence. The baronet also had given vent to some blundering remark, which, from the way in which it was received, showed that Deacon was not forgotten; but among themselves, to all outward seeming, his existence was ignored.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CAPTAIN CRAY'S STORY.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List, ye landsmen, unto me:
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.

—Stevens.

IT need scarcely be told that Miss Acworth, being so near the east-end of London, paid occasional visits to Limehouse to see Mrs. Best, in whose well-being, especially since her widowhood, she was deeply concerned. Mr. Acworth also was interested in the poor woman, and used to ask after her son Jack, whom he was disposed to assist when an opening could be found for him in the counting-house. Jack had been to see him, and had made bold to tell him of his father's gallant conduct, of which the boy was not a little proud. "He tried to save another man's life, and lost his own in doing it," he would say. "He jumped overboard in a storm. Not many men would have done that!" Jack looked upon his father as a hero and martyr to whom a public monument ought to be raised, and wondered that some one did not, at least, come forward to make the gallant action known through the public papers. But there were so many gallant actions of that kind every day, both at sea and on shore, that it would be impossible, as Captain Cray told him, to celebrate them all as they deserve. But the captain liked to see honour given where it was due as well as any one; and he did not fail to relate to Mr. Acworth, as well as to others, all the particulars of John Best's gallant act, as he had heard it from the seaman whom he saved.

"It is a grand thing," he said, "to see how, at the cry, 'A man overboard,' the men's jackets fly off, and one after another springs forward, ready to risk their lives to save a messmate; some of them not very good swimmers, it may be, but they don't stop to think about that. Best was not much of a swimmer, it appears; and when the sea runs high it is not like floating about in a mill-pond. Were you ever at sea in a storm, miss?"

Bertha shook her head, listening to the captain's talk, but taking no part in it.

"You have seen many, of course," said Acworth. "Were you ever wrecked?"

"Yes, sir. Talking of shipwreck," he added, after a short silence, "carries me back to my younger days; and I never think of that without a sort of a serious, solemn kind of feeling, pain and pleasure mixed up together in a way that I can't describe. Others have gone through the same, and perhaps worse, but it was enough for me; and one thing I have to be thankful for; it made a changed man of me. I don't pretend to be what I ought, far from it, Mr. Acworth. Oh, no! But I ain't what I was; and that was the turning-point in my life. But, there—I was not going to speak about myself, but about the shipwreck."

"It was a sailing ship with a lot of emigrants, and we made very bad weather from the first. I never saw so much sickness and suffering in a small way before. It was hard times in the old country with a good many people, and they shipped for the States, whole families, thinking they were going to the land of plenty—and with room enough for it, most of them, inside and out, to judge by their looks. The wonder was how they got money to pay their passage; but I suppose their friends helped them, glad to get rid of them, perhaps, else they had better have helped them to stay where they were."

Mr. Acworth moved uneasily in his chair, but said nothing.

"We had bad weather, and contrary, baffling winds from the time when we set sail."

"Where from?" Acworth asked.

"From the river; London Docks. I belong to London, you see, and have kept chiefly to the same house. Very good owners; very good people to sail under."

"Yes. Go on."

"Well, we had been out about three weeks, and were still some two hundred miles or so from New York—"

"Eh?"

"Yes, New York; that's where we were bound for. I thought I had said so—London to New York."

"Go on."

"Well, the gale kept on, now 'bating a little, then freshening up again, but never giving us a chance to see the sun by day nor the moon or stars by night, so that we could get no observations. The ship laboured and groaned. The poor emigrants down below, under hatches, in double darkness, and almost without air to breathe or food that could be got at, lay helplessly in their

bunks or anywhere about upon the lower deck, believing that their last hour was coming, and some of them only wishing, perhaps, that it would come quickly."

"Well?" said Acworth, all attention, sitting bolt upright in his chair. "Well, how did it end?"

"It is a misfortune you see at the best of times, when landsmen and women and children find themselves aboard ship: but in a gale of wind it's awful: bad enough for the crew, who are brought up to it; but for the passengers nobody can describe it. There were gentlefolks, too, and ladies and little babies. It was not so bad for the babies; they were sure to be taken care of as long as the ship held together.

"But that was not long. At the darkest hour of the twenty-four, when we were driving almost helplessly before the gale, the ship struck upon a rock. Every man was flung down to his full length upon the deck by the shock. The ship stuck fast; that was a mercy; if she had slipped off again into deep water, she must have gone to the bottom, and all would have been lost. Another mercy was that, from the moment when she struck, the wind began to abate, and when the daylight broke the clouds had cleared away and the sea had moderated.

"Well, there we were; or I might say the question was—where were we? Land was visible in the distance, a low dark line; but what land nobody could tell, for we had been driven out of our course and could only make guesses as to the locality. The only thing to be done was to get the boats out; and that was not accomplished without much difficulty. One was stove in already; another was swamped in lowering; the rest could not hold more than about a third of the passengers and crew."

"Well?"

"So we concluded to take the women and children first and put them ashore, and to return for the others, with all the help that we could get, if any was to be had. And now comes the desperate part of the story; and I don't know as I am man enough to tell it, long ago as it was."

He paused, but noticing Mr. Acworth's impatience, resumed his narrative.

"We pulled for the land, but never seemed to come any nearer to it, for the wind had shifted, and set dead off shore; and, deep-loaded as we were, there was no pulling against it. After an hour or two we lost sight of the ship, the shore, and everything else, except the sea and sky. We had parted company with the other boat already, and when night closed in there we were, tossing about in pitch darkness wet through, starved with the cold, and in danger every moment of being swamped by the great rolling billows, which we could not see until their white crests were close upon us.

"Well, sir, all that was bad enough; but there was one thing which caused more trouble to some of us than anything else; and that did not arise out of the sea nor yet come down from the clouds. You'll wonder what that might be."

Mr. Acworth only bowed his head, not being

able to guess what strange, perhaps supernatural, incident might be intended.

"It was the cry of a woman, sir; the shriek, the moan, sometimes one, sometimes the other, of a woman, calling for her husband, who had been left aboard the wreck. She had been passed down into the boat, and did not know till too late that he was not with her. She had a baby in her arms, folded to her breast; and the poor little thing fretted and cried, and could not be kept quiet. And this went on hour after hour. The poor young thing was a foreigner, seemingly; for she kept on praying and lamenting in an unknown tongue, Italian I think it must have been. All through the night, at intervals, we heard her voice above the storm; for, you see sir, she was packed in the boat close to where I sat, and I could not have got away from her if I had wished it, which, to tell the truth, I did, for it seemed to freeze my marrow, especially as her cries and moans got weaker and fainter, till she could scarcely be heard at all. Then, by-and-bye, I put out my hand and felt how cold she was; and there was no breath in her lips, and I knew that she was dead.

"Some one got hold of the baby then, which was still warm, and for two days and nights that poor little motherless boy was nursed and cared for, sometimes by one and sometimes by another, wrapped up in the men's jackets, close to their naked breasts, kept dry and warm somehow when every one else was cold and wet. I hardly know to this hour how it was fed; some of them had a little biscuit or something, and it was like the widow's cruse of oil for that child. It never failed, and though every one else wanted, the little one did not."

Mr. Acworth had left off interrupting now. The old sailor had warmed to his story, and, forgetting himself, went on without pause, describing the events that followed. Bertha had left her customary seat and had crept up to the spot where the two men sat, and was kneeling down by her father's chair, listening intently. Unobserved by any of them Mrs. Welladay had opened the door, on some trifling errand, and stood a little way off, admiring and absorbed.

"We were picked up at last by a ship which took us aboard, those of us who were alive—not half the number that had left the ship—and landed us at New York. I won't say what sort of a state we were in; we escaped with our lives, at all events, while those poor fellows who were left on board the Royal Dane all perished."

"Royal Dane!" cried Acworth, starting to his feet. "Was that the ship?"

"Yes—Royal Dane."

"I expected it, I knew it!" Acworth exclaimed. "Was there a passenger on board named Deacon?"

"Deacon! of course there was. I should remember that, for it was his wife that I was telling you about, and his child."

"And what became of him?"

"Lost! All that were left on the wreck were drowned—never heard of any more."

"And the child?"

"Well, some one took care of him. Most of

the passengers went their ways, but some one took care of him; and would have done so for good and all, but an uncle turned up at New York and claimed him. I had got to be as fond of the little fellow as if he had been my own, but I was obliged to give him up to his uncle."

"You?"

"Yes. I, to be sure," said the captain, simply.

"Now, Captain Cray," Mrs. Welladay said, growing very excited, "what was that baby's name?—his Christian name?"

"They did not seem to know his Christian name. You see, the child was only a few months old; so they called him Edward, after his father."

"Edward Deacon!" Mrs. Welladay exclaimed.

"Did I not tell you so, Mr. Acworth? It's him, sir—it's him. And what was the uncle's name?" she continued, turning to the captain—"the uncle who claimed him, I mean?"

"The uncle's name was Deacon also—the father's brother. Matthew Deacon, he was."

"I see it now," said Acworth, in a low voice, as if arguing the matter over with himself—"son of Edward, brought up by his Uncle Matthew, whom he looked upon as his father. He told us his father's name was Matthew, and they called the child Edward."

"That's it," said the captain—"that's how it was."

"But why," the blind man asked, still musing, "why did they not tell him whose son he was when he grew up?"

"Why, sir, his uncle died while the boy was yet young, or he might perhaps have told him all about it. I am not sure that he would, though, for he liked to hear the little one call him 'father.' And there was another reason as I heard."

"What reason?"

"It was rumoured that the real father had got into trouble somehow or other in England and had to get away as quiet as he could. I never heard what it was; but they thought, as Edward Deacon was dead, it was as well to let it rest and ask no questions. So Matthew took the little one for his own son, and when he died left him what property he had; and—hullo!"

Bertha had slipped or fallen from the spot where she had been kneeling by her father's side to the floor, and was lying there sobbing hysterically.

Mrs. Welladay ran to her.

Mr. Acworth stood still trembling. "What has happened?" he asked.

"Nothing sir," the housekeeper answered, making a sign to the captain, who took Mr. Acworth by the hand and led him, unresisting, to a distance.

"So you knew these people?" said the captain. "They were dear friends of yours evidently. I would not have distressed you in this way if I had been aware of it. Did you ever see the child, the son? He left New York and went to Italy. I used to see him sometimes in New York when he was a little one. Since then I have lost sight of him. Perhaps you can tell me where Edward Deacon is?"

"I would give half what I possess to find him,"

Mr. Acworth answered with a groan. "He was here, living under my own roof, six months ago, and went away and left me without a word."

"Very strange!"

"My fault, Captain Cray; my own fault. There were things that I could not understand. A blind man may be excused, perhaps. He has so much to worry and confuse him."

"Yes, yes; of course. No fault of yours, Mr. Acworth, I am sure. And so you want to find him?"

"I shall not be happy. I shall have no rest or peace till he is found."

"I also should be very glad to see the lad again," said the captain. "We must try what we can do."

"And, mark me, Captain Cray; whatever may have been thought or said at the time, it was no fault of Deacon's that he had to leave England. If there was anything wrong—I don't say that there was—but if there was anything wrong, it was not his doing. He was as true and honest as he was—unfortunate."

"I never had any doubt about that," said the captain. "But he's gone to his rest long ago; and all we have got to do now is to find his son."

The facts brought to light by Captain Cray's narrative left no doubt as to the identity of Edward Deacon. He was the son of that old friend who had been sent across the Atlantic to seek his fortunes in the New World, and who had perished on his way thither. His real Christian name was, as the baptismal register had given it, Francesco, son of Edward and Francesca Lucia Deacon. The brother, who had been expecting the arrival of his kinsfolk at New York, and who received the infant from Cray's hands, the only survivor of the family, not knowing, perhaps, by what name he had been christened, or, if he knew it, preferring an English name to a foreign one, had called the child after his father. Adopting the boy as his own he had suffered him to grow up in ignorance of his real parentage; and when the child was left for the second time an orphan, he was still too young to have learnt anything of his own history. Thus he never had occasion to doubt that his own Christian name was Edward, or that Matthew Deacon was his father.

But the question now was, what steps should be taken to discover Edward Deacon? Hitherto Mrs. Welladay alone had exerted herself for that end, and entirely without success. Mr. Acworth, shut up in his own resentful pride, and professing to regard his late secretary as an impostor, had not only done nothing himself, but had discouraged every effort on the part of others; and Bertha, of course, could only adopt the woman's part—to suffer and be still. But now they took counsel together, and Acworth was the most earnest of the three, and would have gone about himself setting inquiries on foot through various agencies if it had been possible. It was curious how they seemed to look upon the discovery of this man as a sort of panacea for all their troubles. Health, peace, freedom from care, prosperity—these would return—in a measure, at least—if Deacon could be found. Without him there could be no tranquillity, no pleasure.

Instinctively they all turned to Captain Cray for advice and assistance. The captain had told them so much that it was but reasonable to hope that he would tell them more. Even Mrs. Welladay looked to him, without any feeling of jealousy, for the success which she had herself failed to accomplish.

"Have you tried the police?" Captain Cray asked.

Mrs. Welladay answered in the negative; Edward Deacon was not a criminal. She could not bring herself to apply to the police about him. And it would have been of no use if she had done so; they had not succeeded in tracing the burglars, though it was their special duty and business to look for such folks as those. How was it likely, then, that they would be able to find an honest man?

"A private inquiry office," was the captain's next suggestion.

Mrs. Welladay was equally opposed to that.

"Well, then," said the captain, "suppose we put an advertisement in the paper; something of this sort: 'If this should meet the eye of Edward Deacon, formerly of New York, he is requested to call at No. 5, Coromandel Walk, where an old friend will be very glad to see him'? I think that would fetch him."

"Perhaps it might," said Mrs. Welladay. "But supposing it didn't meet his eye? there are so many advertisements in the papers that never seem to meet anybody's eye."

"We can try it, at all events," said the captain.

But he resolved first to pay a secret visit to the police office in Caledon Court, and perhaps to consult an inquiry agent also, and lost no time in carrying out his intention.

The very next morning he sought an interview with an inspector of police.

"I have come from Mr. Acworth," he said.

"Acworth; burglary; Hyson House?"

"Yes, there was a burglary there."

"Plate stolen, by pretended clergyman?"

"Just so."

"We know the men who did it, but have not got hold of them yet."

"It's not the thieves that I want," said the captain. "It's another person altogether—a gentleman named Deacon."

"Deacon—who is he?"

"Mr. Acworth's secretary. He has left his home."

"Taken anything with him?"

"No, sir; he is an honest man."

"Honest man, is he? Then he is simply missing?"

"Yes, missing."

"And you want to find him? Step this way."

The officer led him into another room, where the particulars of his business were at once entered in a book.

"Gentleman missing—left his home—name?"

"Edward Deacon," said the captain.

"Residence?"

"Hyson House."

"Had on?"

"I don't know what he had on."

At this juncture the officer who had been writing laid down his pen, and, selecting a photograph from several others which were at hand, asked,

"Is that the man?"

Captain Cray took the photograph and went with it to the light. It was with no little emotion that he examined the features, endeavouring to recall the lineaments of the young child whom he had saved from the wreck, carrying him in his bosom through storm and cold and tempest, and for whom he entertained almost a fatherly regard. He had last seen him at the school in New York, to which he had been sent as an orphan. It was difficult to recognise that young boy in the portrait of a man of one or two-and-twenty; but as he gazed at it the youthful expression seemed to come back like the memory of a dream, and to declare itself through the veil of the older features.

"Bless the boy," he said; "I believe it is himself—I am sure of it."

"That's Edward Deacon, anyhow," said the policeman.

"It is! it is!"

"And that's the man you want to find?"

"The same; yes, oh yes; that's he."

"No difficulty about that then," said the officer, closing the book in which he had begun to make an official entry of the name and description. "No difficulty about that; we can put our hand upon him at any time."

"You can?"

"Of course we can."

"I don't understand."

"I'll tell you then. The gentleman you want was present at that burglary."

"Yes."

"Well, we shall have to bring him forward as a witness—a principal witness—almost the only one. We expect every day to get hold of the thieves, and we have taken steps to find Mr. Deacon also. We inquired for him at Hyson House. He was gone and had left no address. We had to find him somehow, and we sent a description with a photo found among his traps at Hyson House, to all our stations. His location was soon brought in. He never tried to make a secret of it. We know where to look for him when we want him. He is not far off."

"Will you give me his address?" said the captain, eagerly.

"Who are you, and what do you want him for?"

Captain Cray gave a satisfactory account of himself and of his motives; and after a short delay his request was granted, and Edward Deacon's address written down and handed to him. But when he called at the house in which he hoped to find him Deacon was no longer there. He had gone away, the landlady said, more than a month ago.

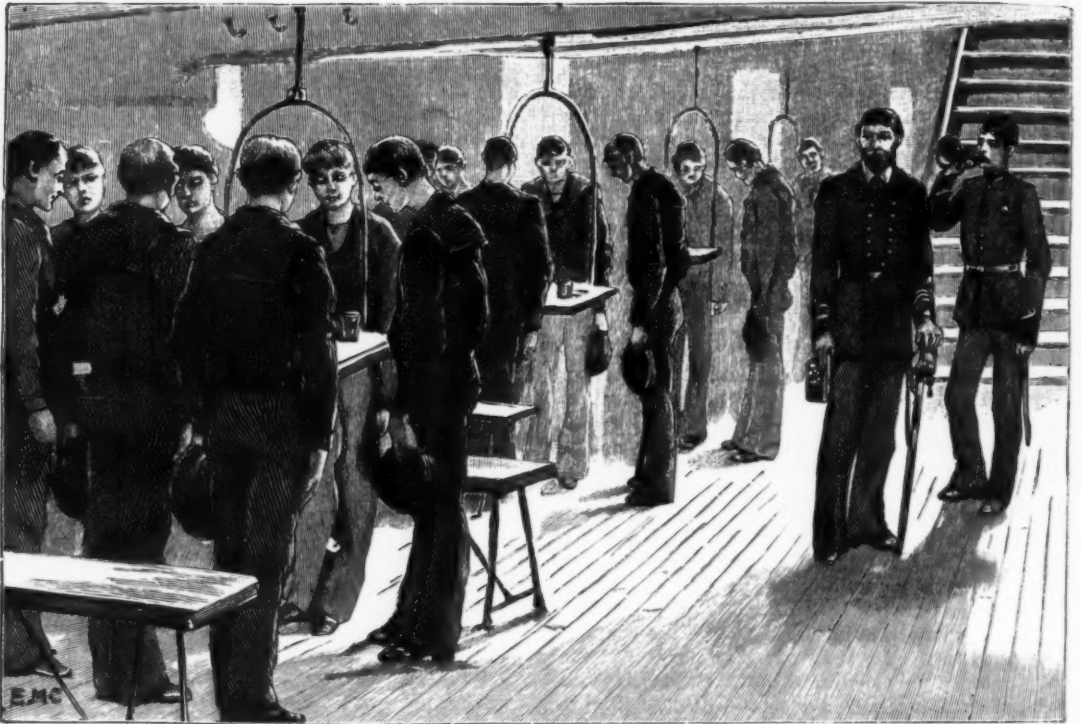
"Where to?"

"Well, somewhere abroad."

"Abroad! Can you tell me where?"

"Yes, sir; he left his address for letters to be forwarded—this is it. Posta something, Firenze, Italy."

TRAINING FOR THE NAVY.



"GRACE."

THE St. Vincent boys came to London last year to visit the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. They numbered nearly eight hundred, exclusive of their officers and instructors. A special train brought them from Portsmouth, and took them back at night. On reaching the exhibition they were dismissed to go where they chose and do as they pleased, but to muster when the bugle sounded for the departure. They roamed about for hours in twos and threes and half dozens, some with friends, some without, some with a shipmate, some without—in fact, just as free and uncontrolled as the rest of the public—and when the bugle sounded only one was missing.

They were marched to the railway-station, and when they arrived at Portsmouth the missing boy was waiting for them on the platform. He had not heard the bugle, but becoming conscious of a disappearance of St. Vincents, found that he was left behind. He had started at a run to the station, and caught the express, which had passed the special with his shipmates on the road down!

An experience such as this tells well for the spirit and discipline of the lads now training for the Navy. It is not an isolated instance by any means, but it is a representative one.

Our ships of war are, in these days of peace,

almost entirely manned from training-ships. The sailor enters the service in his sixteenth or seventeenth year as a "second-class boy." He is educated and trained under picked officers for a year or so, becomes in time a "first-class boy," and then, and not till then, does he go to sea and mix with men. He is, in fact, taken in hand at the most critical period of his life, before he has had time to spoil himself, and he has every opportunity given him for becoming a healthy, trustworthy servant of his country. He has his chance, and as a rule he is not slow to avail himself of it.

From all sides we have similar testimony. Officers and officials afloat and ashore, and even the petty shopkeepers in the dockyard towns, are agreed that Jack is no longer what he was. Many have been the influences at work, directly and indirectly, to bring about this state of things. The Admiralty have done much to improve the men's comfort and provide them with reasonable recreation; the officers in their private capacity have helped efficiently in the good cause; and much is due to philanthropists and temperance workers like Miss Weston and Miss Robinson, and the various institutes and societies. But it would seem that the improvement is chiefly owing to the new method of beginning with the boy instead of with the man.

And it should not be forgotten that the Navy is now far smaller—dangerously smaller, many think—in proportion to our population than it used to be; and, as it is a popular service, it can find more boys than Parliament will pay for; and it can sift its recruits. The trades throughout the country are overcrowded, and the Navy benefits. There is a steady stream, ample for all our needs, if only left to flow unchecked; it is only during the reaction from a severe course of estimate-pruning in the month before April that we hear of a difficulty in the boy supply.

The Impregnable at Devonport is the headquarters of the training service. At Devonport is also the Lion, the Lion establishment consisting of two ships, the Lion and the old Implacable. At Portland is the Boscawen; at Falmouth is the Ganges; at Portsmouth is the St. Vincent. Boys are also received on board the flag, guard, and drill ships round the coast; but they are sent to the south to be trained as soon as possible. Of the training-vessels, the nearest to London is the St. Vincent, and we will take it as our typical ship.

The boys are mostly of the class that would have become skilled mechanics had they stayed ashore, a large proportion of them being sons of warrant officers and petty officers who have themselves been "through the mill," and therefore know best the chances the service offers. They come from all parts of the kingdom, the majority from the southern seaports.

Most of them are recruited by the coast-guard, who are always on the look-out for likely lads, the encouragement for doing so being a premium of ten shillings to the man for every accepted boy he sends. This recruiting by the coast-guard has one great advantage. The old sailor is jealous of his profession and careful in his choice. He is not indifferent to the half-sovereign, but he scorns the lubber, and abhors the unfit. He knows the sort of boy that has the making of a seaman in him, and he sends the pick of the district. It is very seldom indeed that a boy received through the coast-guard does not do credit to his recruiter.

The best of the boys come from Greenwich Naval School, sent to the ship direct, with no interval between leaving school and beginning work in which to slip back into ignorance, or downwards into bad ways. The worst come from London and the great towns, where the notion still lingers that the Navy is the last refuge of the hopeless. This notion, as we have seen, is a mistake. The modern man-o'-war's man is not of the shiver-my-timbers class, nor is he caught in a miscellaneous haul by the press-gang, as in the days when our century was young.

The would-be second-class boy must be between the ages of fifteen and sixteen and a-half, and of certain height and chest measurement, varying with the state of the recruiting market. The standard is the recruiter's barometer, the higher the reading the more encouraging being the prospects.

The lad must be sound in body and mind, and able to read and write; and his antecedents

and those of his parents must bear looking into. He has to find his way to a coastguardsman or a recruiting officer of the marines, or a drill-ship; but his best plan is to go direct with his father or a friend to the nearest training-ship, where he will receive his instructions how to act and be put through his examinations, and definitely accepted or rejected without delay. He has to bring with him, on the proper forms, a registrar's certificate of birth, and the written consent of his parents or guardians, or nearest relative, to his entering for continuous service for twelve years from the age of eighteen, the consent being certified by the clergyman of the parish or a resident householder of some position. He must be prepared to be vaccinated or re-vaccinated, as the case may be; and last, but not least, he must never have been convicted before a magistrate, or detained in an industrial school, or reformatory, or prison.

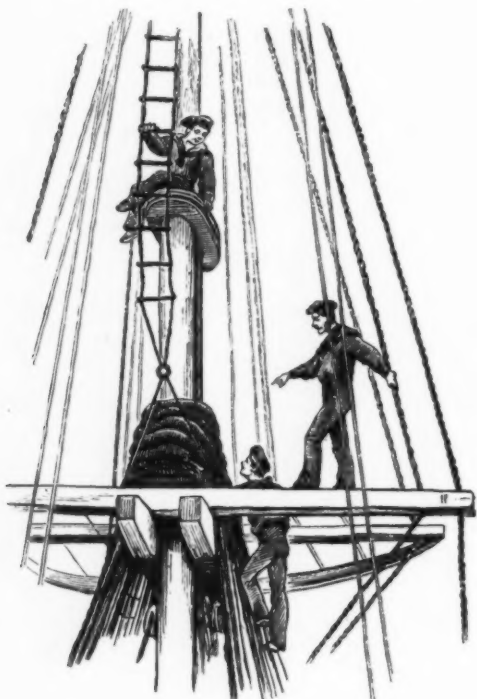
Let us accompany him on board. It is a bright spring morning, and Portsmouth Harbour is looking its best, with the tide just on the turn; the grey of the waves is bluer than usual, for the cold, dry, easterly wind has cleared the sky of cloud. The semaphore at the dockyard is having an unusually frantic spell at the poetry of motion, and the Duke, with the admiral's flag at the main, is signalling violently in reply. Round her the boats are busy, but her neighbour, the Victory, floats motionless, in dignified quiet, giving no sign of life save the fluttering of the ensign at her peak. A pair of unbeautiful gun-vessels are at anchor near to us. The floating bridge is leisurely leaving Gosport, and a torpedo boat, long, low, light, and swift, slips in from Spithead, crosses in its front, and disappears up the Harbour before the rectangular monster has reached half the length of its chain. Beyond are a few yachts, the outposts of the crowd up Haslar Creek, guarding the mouth of which is the St. Vincent.

For all her threescore years and twelve the grand old three-decker looks as sound and strong as when, in 1842, she lay as guardship off Walmer during the Queen's visit to the Duke of Wellington. Like all vessels afloat, she looks much smaller than she is, and we only realise her size as we round her stern. Mounting the gangway we find ourselves on her main-deck, with a general impression of width without height, and whiteness of wood exceeding that even of a dairy. At the inquiry office our business is told, and the boy obeys his first order and follows the messenger.

His name and family particulars are taken, his certificates are examined, and, all being in order, he goes off to be measured and weighed and pass the doctor. He is then taken to the school, where he is put through the test examination—not a very difficult one, seeing that he may be passed if he is able to read a passage of two ordinary lines of one syllable, and sign his name legibly. He and his certificates are then examined by the executive officer, and if he is approved he is measured for his clothing, which is supplied by a contractor. Until it arrives he wears a casual suit; when it does arrive, he is inspected by the commanding officer to see that it fits him; for in our Navy the man has not got to fit into the

clothes, the clothes, loose as they may look, being made to fit the man.

As we pass along one of the decks a batch of the kits is being inspected. Each boy stands



"EXCELSIOR!"

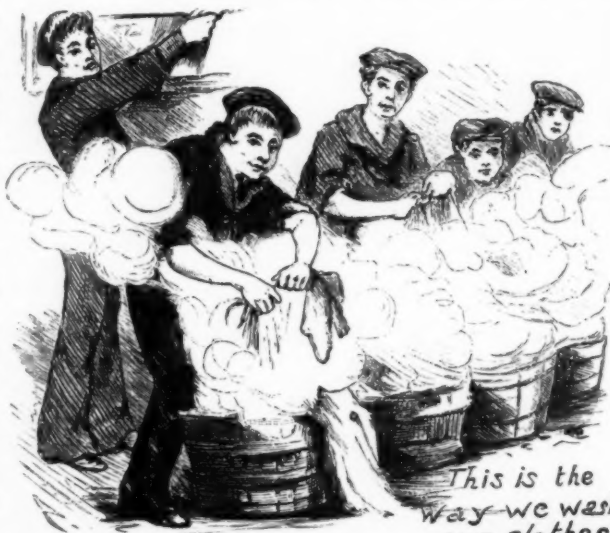
at attention with his belongings laid out at his feet. Every article is folded according to pattern, and occupies the place assigned it by the regulations. When the captain has passed, the bedding disappears into the hammock, the clothing into the bag; the bag goes below to the rack, the hammock above to the nettings.

Every boy on entry is given a free kit, or rather he is credited in the books with five pounds for clothing and one pound for bedding. At the end of six months the original kit is increased; it is again increased when he passes as a first-class boy; and still further increased when he is kitted up for sea. His first kit seems a large one when given at length. He has a blue serge frock and jumper and two working jumpers, and two pairs of trousers, a black silk handkerchief, and two hat-ribbons, one plain and one named; he has a serge cap and a blue cloth cap, a small comforter, two flannels, two check shirts, two nightshirts, a serge frock and two pairs of trousers for night wear, two pairs of socks, two towels, a type for marking his clothes with his name, a knife and two lanyards, a pair of shoes, two bed-covers, a bed and blanket,

and two jerseys; a pair of scissors and a comb and clothes-brush and scrubbing-brush, a duck bag and a haversack, a soap-bag, two pocket-handkerchiefs, a ditty-box or desk, and a manual of seamanship. A prayer-book is given him by the chaplain, and he can have a Bible if he asks for one. At the end of his first half year he has a pair of blue cloth trousers and an extra working jumper and pair of working trousers; both his hat-ribbons are named, and both his caps are blue cloth. He has a pair of half-boots on joining the battalion, and becomes the possessor of a housewife to help him mend his clothes, the said housewife being fitted with thread and worsted, and tape and pins, and fifteen needles, and a yard of ribbon, and thimble and wax, sixteen buttons, and two knife lanyards. This kit he has to pay for and keep up out of his six pounds gratuity and his pay of sixpence a day, and when, on going to sea, a larger kit becomes necessary, a further gratuity of fifty shillings is credited to his account, so that he leaves the training-ship clear of debt to the Crown.

The articles are all marked before they are given to him, but additions he has to mark for himself with the type that so strangely figures in the list. For all repairs he has to pay, and there is a regular scale of charges, the most expensive item being the putting of new sleeves in a serge frock, which costs eighteen-pence for material and three-pence for the tailor's fee. The tailor's fees are not exorbitant, the highest being fourpence for lengthening or seating trousers; and the shoemaker's charges are similarly limited, the highest being fourpence for soleing or vamping. Thus the sixpence a day does not have to bear too severe a strain.

The boy begins his sailor's life by going over the masthead every morning, and this he does every day for the first five or six weeks. For the first ten days, or less, he is taught to manage his hammock and his bag, to mark and wash his



This is the way we wash our clothes"

clothes, and to use a needle and thimble. When he can do these things he is free to begin his "instruction." The forenoon he then spends in gymnastics, the exercises being of the usual type, with vaulting-horse and bars and dumb-bells, the series consisting of a dozen lessons, six only of them being devoted to the bars and bells. In the afternoon he goes to school.

The school is in charge of the chaplain and naval instructor, and begins each day with a half-hour Scripture lesson. The other studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography, the arithmetic running up, in special cases, into logarithms, trigonometry, and conic sections; the geography concerning itself chiefly with oceans, rivers, coasts, and seaports, and being specially thorough. There are four instructions or stages which a boy has to pass. When he gets through the fourth he receives a prize writing-case and an educational certificate exempting him from school in any other ships of the Navy. School on board ship is very much like school anywhere else. There are the same desks and forms and bookcases, the same books and blackboard—and the same examination papers. The only difference is in the lowness of the schoolroom, the nearness to the floor of the broad windows, and the view away over the busy harbour. The scholars are big boys, whose attention is never so easily distracted as that of children glad of any diversion, or that of full-grown men who always look scared at being caught in the act of learning what they should long have known.

When school is over the schoolroom is the re-



THE STILL EVENING HOUR.

creation-room. Then the games are laid out—chess, dominos, draughts, and bagatelle—and the boys amuse themselves as they please. Some write letters, some read the papers and magazines and books provided by the school library, to which every boy subscribes twopence a month. The library comes from the dockyard and is in charge of a schoolmaster; and it is well up to date, new books being added as required under the approval of the chaplain. Twice a week in the winter there is a magic-lantern performance, and occasionally

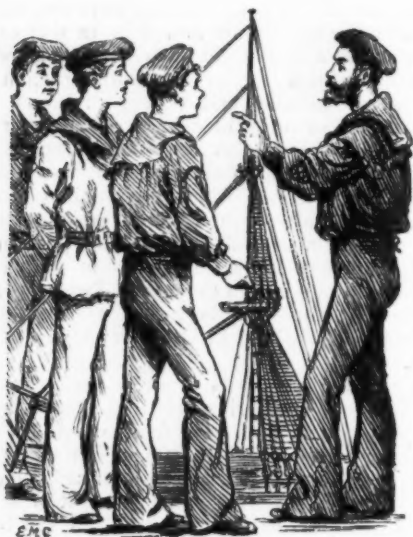
the boys are taken out to concerts, circuses, and public entertainments. Running and jumping meetings are held on the drill-ground ashore, but as a rule the sailor does not care for athletic sports; he has enough muscular exercise at his work, and cricket and football stand no chance when pitted against sight-seeing.

There is a choir which is carefully trained. Bugling is taught to a few, and leaving the school we notice the practice bugles hanging up. There is a drum-and-fife band, to which all boys are eligible, and here are the drums and fifes in due order. There is also a brass band of twenty now growing in its den, which plays every morning when the colours are hoisted, and during divisions, and twice a week or so in the evenings. Boys for this band have to join as band-boys, and must be able to play one of the ordinary brass instruments. They mostly come from the bands of other schools, and pass through to the rank of bandsman, wearing a special uniform and pursuing a special course of study. They owe more to Tamplini and Mandell than they do to Burney. They are, in fact, here made into musicians, these training-ships being the Kneller Halls of the Navy.

As soon as the boy is through his gymnastics his practical work begins. He undergoes a severe course of seamanship. He has to pass through the parts of a ship, her fittings, her masts and yards, her standing rigging, and her sails. He has to become expert in the management of a boat and the knowledge of her parts. All the bends and hitches he must know, and he must know the compass and the lead and line. Splicing, worming, parcelling, and serving—all have to be done; and he has to master all the varieties of blocks and ropes, and mats and tackles, and the mysteries of lights and anchors. All these things he is taught by model first, and the real thing afterwards. Here is a model of the foremast of the *St. Vincent*, answering in every detail to the actual foremast that can be seen from it. Here is a model anchor, answering to the real anchor at the bows; and here is a model semaphore, answering to the real one on the poop. Here is a model brig, answering to the real brig now cruising off Southsea Castle. Here is a model lead and line; and here is a model of every tackle used in the Government service. A monkey or dummy topsail yard is rigged for the novice to practise on. The sail has the names of its parts painted on it in black letters, so that there can be no excuse for ignorance; and the boy is taught to lay out on the yard, to loose and furl, passing an earing, reefing and shaking out reefs, and bending and unbending the sail and its gear. Then he joins his comrades in handling the spars that rise so proudly from the deck, and, with spar-drill and sail-drill, is gradually smartened up to man-o'-war form. On the day of our visit spar-drill is in progress, the rigging and decks are dotted with the lads of one of the divisions, and as we come up the hatchway down come the royal yards like huge fishing-floats in mid-air.

The crew is divided into watches, distinguished in the usual way by the red stripe on the shoulder-hem, the port watch having the stripe on the left

side, the starboard watch having it on the right. Each watch is in two divisions, the second division of each being distinguished by an additional stripe below the watch-mark, so that two stripes on the right-hand shoulder denote that the bearer belongs to the second division of the starboard watch. When a boy joins he is given his number in his division, and this he retains till he is rated first-class.



STUDENTS OF THE MODEL.

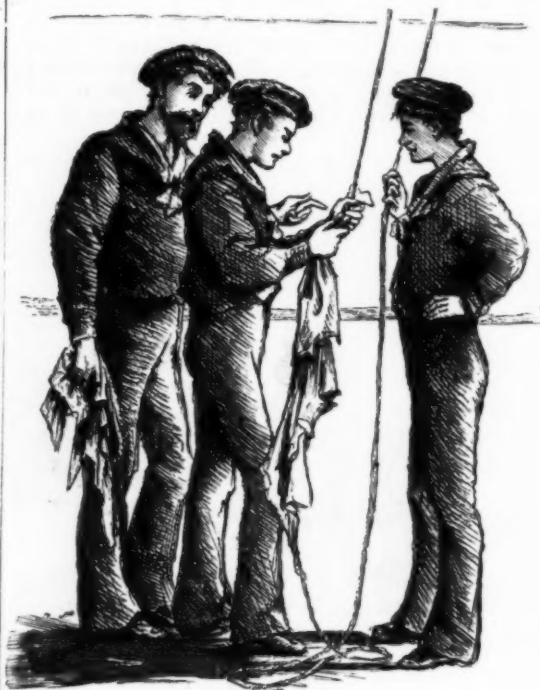
In summer his day's work begins at five o'clock. From then to six o'clock he has to stow his hammock, and if in the watch below he has to go to the bath-room in his turn, or help to clean and put the decks to rights, and lower and clean out the duty-boats. At six o'clock the bugle sounds for bread, and a quarter-past the cooks are called ready for breakfast at half-past six. At seven the watch go to quarters, and the watch below clean the mess-decks. At twenty minutes to eight the assembly sounds the morning evolution, whatever it may be. Should the weather be wet the watch go to seamanship, the watch below to gunnery. At nine o'clock there is inspection, then prayers, then study. At half-past eleven o'clock the punishments, if any, are read out and inflicted, and the new-comers make their pilgrimage over the masthead. At noon dinner is served, and lasts for forty minutes, and at one work begins again. At half-past four o'clock he has his supper. At twenty minutes past seven the bell is tolled, the bugle sounds the "still," and there is silence for a few minutes for prayers. Then the hammocks are got ready, at five minutes to nine the lights are put out, and at nine o'clock the officers go the rounds to see that all are safe for the night.

This is the skeleton routine, and it is filled up with many details. On Sunday there is divine service at nine o'clock and two, and no work is done that is not absolutely necessary. In the afternoon many of the boys have leave. Saturday is a general

clearing-up day, and such as are privileged can go ashore. Thursday is the day on which the boys who have leave go ashore in the afternoon, and receive what pay they may require as pocket-money.

The paying of the boys is a very orderly proceeding. In single file they pass the table, where stands one clerk with a pay-list; in front of him stands another, with a bag of sixpenny and three-penny pieces, while a lieutenant is present to see that all is right. The boys enter in the order their names are drawn up on the list. To the first clerk the boy gives his name, and as he passes to the cashier the amount is ticked and called out, and the coins are pushed across the table in time for him to take them without stopping. In this way about twenty payments are made in a minute, the work proceeding like clockwork. A sensible practice is adopted on training-ships which is worth noting. It is that no boy, except on special occasions, is allowed to go on leave with more than a shilling in his pocket. By this simple means many a source of temptation is cut off.

A second-class boy is paid sixpence a day, but



THE MYSTERIES OF THE CODE.

by good conduct stripes he can make this up to ninepence; a first-class boy gets sevenpence a day and this also can be increased. Out of this he has to pay for his clothing, but his food he gets for nothing. The amount allowed for provisions is, in large crews, always greater than the consumption, so that the "savings" from the victualling come in to help pay for general expenses. In addition to this income from

"savings" there is a Boys' Fund, derived from a Government capitation allowance at the rate of one shilling per month for each boy, which is drawn on for mess gear, extra fittings, cleaning materials, blacking, clothes and shoe-brushes, repairing materials, books for the band and repairs to instruments, good conduct badge money, gymnastic dresses, waterproof suits for the boats' crews, schoolroom games and outdoor sports, entertainments, a Christmas dinner for boys left on board during the holidays, and a subsistence allowance of a shilling a day granted to boys going long distances on leave. The fund has thus many calls upon it, but it is equal to its requirements, and in connection with the mess savings keeps the boys' pocket-money from serious inroads.

After a boy has been six months on the ship he can "allot" a proportion of his pay and send it home to his parents, but this allotment must not exceed six shillings a month from a second-class boy or eight shillings a month from a first-class boy; and the practice has as much to be said against it as in its favour. Should any money be sent to the boy, it is handed to the paymaster on board and credited in the boy's account. Should the boy desire to spend any money for presents, or for being photographed, or what not, he has only to say so, and the amount is given to him if he has sufficient balance to his credit. Should he be in debt his pocket-money is reduced to threepence per week until he is clear; a second-class boy is only allowed sixpence a week pocket-money; it is the first-class boys and band boys that are entitled to the shilling.

When a boy has been three months in the ship he is eligible for a good conduct badge, which brings with it an extra penny a day. At the end of another three months he is eligible for another badge and another penny, and in another three months he can gain a third. And when he gets his first-class rating he retains his badges and advantages in pay. From the senior badge boys are chosen the petty officer boys, who, however, get no further rise in pay nor gain anything on account of their rank when drafted to sea-going ships. But the honour of the crown over the stripes is keenly sought after, and not lightly bestowed.

From the senior badge boys come the captains of the messes into which the boys are divided when at meals. The number of a naval mess is dependent on the length of the table, and varies much; but here, in a roomy old ship, as the tables are of the same length, the messes are all of the same size, and number twenty when full. Each mess has a captain and a cook and spare cook, whose turn lasts a week, so that the duty comes to all in time. The captain is in charge and the cooks do the dirty work. They have to keep the knives and forks and mess traps clean, and prepare the table. Tuesday and Saturday are sea-pie days, and on the afternoons before the mess cooks are busy over their basins, all of a row, up to their elbows in flour, "putting their heart in the paste"—and sometimes the hearts are tender and sometimes they are not. Though a sea-pie would not

seem to offer much scope to an ordinary cook, yet it is wonderful how it can be improved by practice; and the first effort of the second-class boy is to his sixth very much as the specimen of hand-writers before the six lessons is to the specimen after them. But it is on Wednesdays and Saturdays that the new cook gets his chance. Then it falls to him to make the plum pudding for the day following, and he is in his glory.

Let us take Thursday's bill of fare. For breakfast, each boy is allowed a quarter of a pound of fried corned pork, three-quarters of a pound of bread, three-quarters of an ounce of chocolate, and the same quantity of sugar. For dinner, three-quarters of a pound of roast mutton, three-quarters of a pound of potatoes, half a pound of flour, an ounce of suet, and two ounces of raisins. For supper, three-quarters of a pound of bread, an eighth of an ounce of tea, an ounce of sugar, and two ounces of treacle. As to the good quality of these provisions there is no question.

By seven o'clock breakfast is over, and the deck is clear. Let us see how it looks at half-past eleven, just before the dinner preparations have begun. There is no sign of the mess-tables until we look along the beams overhead, where they are all stowed securely, each above the place it is soon to occupy. On the side of the ship between the ports, so as to be at the end of the table when it is down, are a couple of short shelves holding the "traps" of the mess—basins, plates, knives, forks, ladle, wooden salt-box, and brightly polished tins arranged on every little dresser so as to form the same pattern. As we reach the end of the deck, the cooks come hurrying in to prepare for the hungry. Down come the tables, one end rested under the shelves,



"COOKS AWAY!"

the other slipped into a sling which hangs from overhead. It does not take long to lay the cloth. The brown duck covering that has come down with the table top is put straight, the knives and

forks dealt on it with one sweep of the hand, the basins mustered at the head, and the forms run down each side. Cook and spare cook hurry off to the galley, each with a tin, the cook to stand in a crowd on one side waiting for the meat, the spare cook to stand in a crowd on the other side and get the vegetables and pudding. The dinner for each mess is marked with a tally, and in a few seconds the cooks are served and off to their tables with their loads.

The boys come bustling down to stand each in his place at the tables. The captains of the messes portion out the dinner, the meat and vegetables in the plates, the pudding in the basins; and just as all seems ready to begin, an officer appears, the bugle suddenly sounds the "still," off go all the caps, and from the captains of the messes comes the Grace, "For what we are going to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful!" "Sit down!" orders the bugle plainly as it can speak, and immediately there is a sound of subsiding and a rattle of cutlery against crockery that tells of business begun. Before the hour is over the decks will be clear again, and the watcher will be off to school or quarters, seamanship or gunnery, or special duty.

When the boy has received his first-class rating he has to spend a week with the tailor to learn how to repair his clothes, and a fortnight with the sailmaker; and he has also to add to his seamanship some knowledge of fitting and setting up rigging, and signalling. Should he take kindly to signalling he can after his fifth month volunteer as "signal-boy," and thus obtain special instruction with a view to his eventually becoming a yeoman of signals; and he can also go in specially as a "call-boy," and become expert in that magical whistle without which no nautical drama would be complete.

He must learn swimming, and side by side with seamanship he must take up gunnery, and, indeed, with gymnastics he began his gunnery course. The gunnery includes his cutlass exercise and his rifle and revolver drill, and to practise him in shooting there is an indiarubber target on board, at which he can shoot with an air-gun at the very moderate rate of six shots a penny. In time he

is taught to march and joins the battalion, which once a week drills on shore as a naval brigade, but it is not till he is nearly at the end of his career in the training-ship that he is trusted to fire ball-cartridge or work heavy guns, and for that he has to go up the Harbour to the Excellent.

Each training-ship has a "tender" in the shape of a brig, in which the first-class boy gets his first taste of life at sea. The cruising season begins on the 1st of April, and the boys are then taken away and taught the regular routine. The *Martin*, the *St. Vincent's* tender, is now out in Spithead with a hundred and two boys on board, her full complement, and after practising weighing and coming-to, and what is officially termed "shaking down," she will cruise off to Plymouth to report to the inspecting captain, who there awaits her. The boys on the brig will be kept in a painful state of alertness. What with unexpected manoeuvres, "man overboard," and "fire," to say nothing of accidents unrehearsed, the days in the brig are somewhat lively, and more adapted to smarten than to sweeten. The boys in the parent ship have undoubtedly the easiest time of it, and life comes graciously to them. They work hard, but the work is regular and pleasant, and the leave is liberal.

Three times a year they have long leave, sixteen days at Easter, sixteen days at Michaelmas, and three weeks at Christmas; and then, if rated first-class, they can take away as pocket-money fifteen shillings, the amount being reduced to ten shillings if they are still of second-class rank. Afternoon leave is granted every week, and then the limit of pocket-money is, as we have seen, a shilling. When they go on long leave they have an escort to keep them in order if there are more than twenty of them together. When they are off on short leave there is a patrol on duty in the streets to arrest or report them should they misbehave themselves.

But the escort and the patrol find their task a pastime. The boys return to the minute quietly to work, some saving their character by such ready resource as that of the hero of the *Portsmouth* express.

W. J. GORDON.



THE CORAL REEFS OF ENGLAND.

BY S. R. PATTISON, F.G.S.

SECOND PAPER.



DEVONIAN REEF, TORQUAY.

JURASSIC REEFS.

OUR next journey is shorter than the previous ones. We need only strike the yellow Bath-stone formation anywhere in its course from Whitby to Weymouth to find within a short distance traces of the series of broken reefs which once stretched along that line of country. The geological formation to which we are now alluding is called the Oolite (its grains being similar in shape to small eggs), or the Jurassic, from its prevalence in the Jura mountains. It is a series of sand banks, now converted into freestone, mud now turned into shale, and limestone due principally to coral and shells. In many places along the line it is evident that these former sand banks were anciently crowned with coral formations. These are so prevalent in some places that one entire series of the rocks is named the Corallian.

Geologists place the Corallian between the two great clays of the Oolite,—namely, the Kimmeridge or upper, and the Oxfordian or lower, accompanied by variable layers of rubble or freestone rock, usually fossiliferous and often exceptionally so. This formation is capable of rough division into three beds—namely, upper Calcarean grit,

Coralline Oolite, and lower Calcarean grit; all which betoken an enormous sequence in time.

This secondary epoch of geology shows its first indications of coralline structure in the occurrence of star corals and others which characterise layers and reefs of the formation called Lias at the base of the Oolite.

Dr. Duncan calls attention to the Lias reefs and banks in Glamorganshire, and also to reefs of coral in Ferry Compton, Oxfordshire. There are sixty-one species of coral in the Lias, the first bed of the Oolite.

We will now follow the course of the leading Oolite reef. Beginning at the south end near Weymouth, we find from time to time lumps of tabulated corals stretching along the ancient fossil coral strands.

On going northwards we arrive at Steeple-Aston, in Wiltshire, where we are in the centre of a remarkable development. The fossils strew the surface of the ploughed fields so thickly that every stone is a coral. At Westbrook occurs a distinct and decided reef. The description by Messrs. Blake and Huddleston, the able and laborious exponents of the Corallian rocks, may be adduced here as explanatory of the general mode of occurrence.

They say: "Layer upon layer of large masses of *Thamnastræa Concinna* and *Izastrea explanata*,

bored by the characteristic *Lithiodomus*, and changed not seldom into crystalline limestone in which the organic structure is no longer visible, here and there spreads over the surface, resting immediately upon a bed of sand.

The spaces between the coral growths are filled in with a rubbly hash, made up of comminuted

nastraa form a true coral reef. At Manhamfield, near Faringdon, there is a coral ridge now consolidated into six feet of limestone.

In Gloucestershire the traveller along the eastern side of the great Severn Valley has his view towards the east bounded by a varied outline of cliff-like hills, rising abruptly from the plain, displaying promontories and bays, now reposing in verdure, but once chafed by ocean waves.

These are the Cotswold Hills. On close examination they are found to contain one main coral reef along their western escarpment, and several minor ones in the beautiful contiguous valleys constituting the celebrated cloth manufacturing district of the West of England.

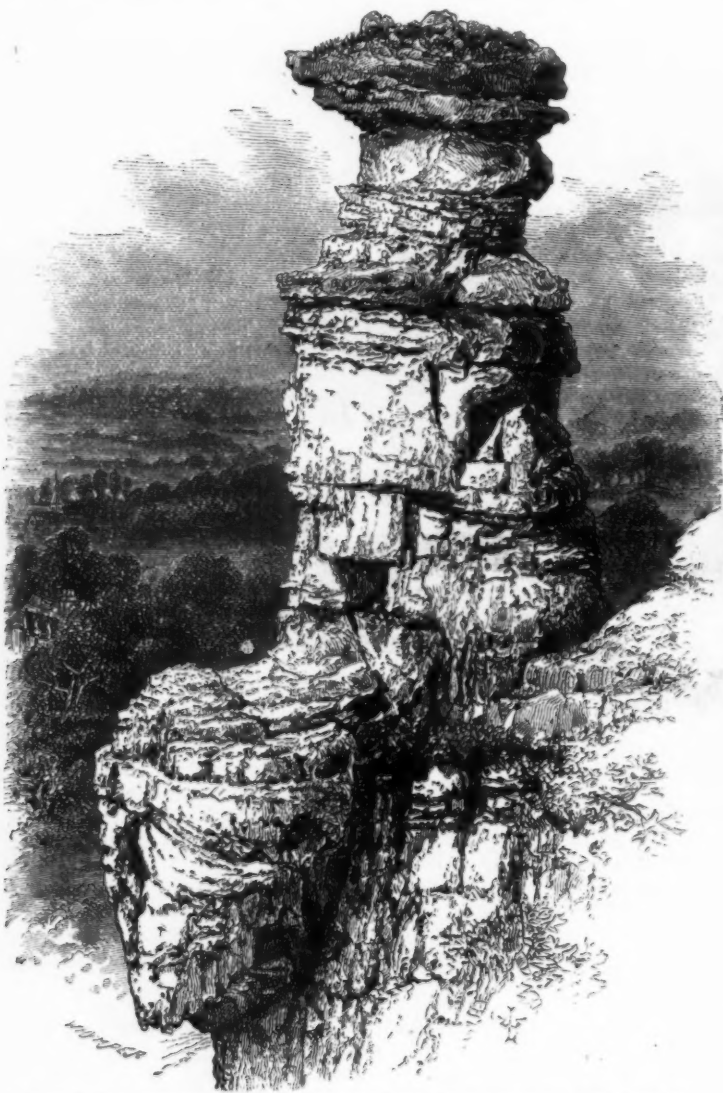
There are outliers too, like Robin Hood's Hill, which represent relics of similar strata which have successfully resisted denudation. The vales and streams here are cut through ancient coral reefs, and the rocks in many places abound in solitary and reef corals.

It was Sir Robert Murchison, in the "Silurian System," who first termed this vale between the Malvern and the Cotswolds "The Ancient Straits of Malvern." We recognise the propriety of this name in looking at the old promontories and bays, the skeletons of which now adorn and diversify the scene.

Let us take Leckhampton Hill, within two miles of the town of Cheltenham, as an instance. In the coral-rag of this range masses of coral frequently occur, but the bulk of the rock is formed of the shells and broken pieces and detritus of shells. The bank was formed in a shallow sea, and it can be called a reef in the same sense in which many of the interrupted coral banks of the present seas are so called; for both the ancient

and modern deposits show traces of modification by currents, and of the abrading and destructive work of the waves.

On ascending the hill the vale below shows us Cheltenham, the spires of Glo'ster, the more distant towns of Worcestershire, and the wall of the Malvern Hills; whilst around us lie the scattered fragments of a thousand small quarries on the summit, whence for ages stone has been extracted.



"THE DEVIL'S CHIMNEY"—A FRAGMENT OF OOLITE CORAL REEF, AT LECKHAMPTON.

materials, and sometimes with clay charged with fragments of shells.

These inter-coralline accumulations obtain the mastery here and there; corals disappear, and we have great rubbly beds of shelly clay and limestone forming the whole reef.¹

At Wootton Bassett the great blocks of *Tham-*

¹ Page 288. Q. J. Geological Society, No. 33, p. 389.

On passing up above the great freestone overlying the sand, and then up through the curious structure showing the grains of Oolite like small shot, and named the pea-grit, into the upper marl, we find, though rarely, corals accompanying the numerous broken shells; but at the very top of the hill we are quite among the reef-builders.

Although separate fossil corals are here comparatively rare, yet the appearance of the beds, and especially of the marl, prove that the latter have resulted from the mashing and pounding of corals and their subsequent consolidation, and even crystallisation, into other forms.

The case is just as we find it in the present coral islands of the Pacific, where old reefs have from infiltration or change lost all marks of organic life in their structure and have become simple limestone.

Mr. J. E. Taylor, in his admirable and useful book, entitled "Common British Fossils, and where to find them," writes: "At Frith's Quarry, about two miles from Stroud, we have an ancient barrier reef, full of *Thamnastræa*, *Isastræa*, *Thecosmilia*, *Latinemandrina*—the species most plentiful being *Thecosmilia gregaria*, on the opposite side of the valley the hill is crowned with another coral reef."¹

Dr. Wright says: "This bed is from fifteen to twenty feet in thickness, and forms one of the finest examples of a coral reef that I am acquainted with in our district."

Several miles of the highway from the Horse-pools to Glo'ster is repaired with this produce of the lower coral reef of the inferior Oolite. The bed may be traced thence for several miles by Witcomb and Cricklay.

An imaginary restoration of the Jurassic coral may be readily formed by gazing on the view, say, from Stonehouse Station, near Stroud. The plain through which the line of railway runs is nearly encircled by bluffs of the Cotswold range. They occupy the surface in inverse lines, usually crowned with beech or elm, and are disposed around inlets or bays, with large banks, once of sand, now of velvet pasture, swelling and stretching at their feet, dotted with the gabled stone dwellings characteristic of Gloucestershire, and spotted with orchards and bits of woodland. A beautiful scene it is now. It must have abounded in beauties of another kind when the shallow sea was diversified by the reefs and banks of coral on every hand, and the shore sprinkled with the fine shells whose fossil remains now crowd the stone fences.

The *Trigonia* grit, with the fourth coral reef, occurs at Rodborough and Stroud.

So abundant and various are the fossil corals of the Oolite, that Mr. Robert J. Jones has described no less than sixteen distinct species from a single cutting on the course of the Cheltenham and Banbury Railway, near Hook Norton, in Oxfordshire. Similarly rich collections may be made at several other places in the neighbourhood of Banbury;² the greater part of these are true reef-forming corals

The prevalent opinion concerning the formation of the solid Bath-stone itself is that it is coral dust, round the small particles of which lime from sea-water has formed, and the molecules have become rounded by rolling, and then consolidated into stone.

The escarpment which we have been noticing at Leckhampton is part of one which stretches from the English Channel to the German Ocean in a diagonal line across England from Lyme Regis to Whitby. Making progress upward along this course, we note that the Oolite reef reappears near Wootton Bassett, with massive tables of corals, thence by Purton on towards Oxford.

Mr. Huddleston says: "The limestones everywhere support a luxuriant coral growth, probably the largest reef of the age in England." Every stone is madreporean, and the roads are all mended with magnificent specimens of the *Thamnastræa* and *Isastræa*.³

"The beds are continued about Faringdon, and go over to Mareham near Abingdon, and thence to Connor Road, where the reef corals are in a more perfect state of preservation, and leave little to be desired."²

The coral appears at the well-known Headington Quarry, near Oxford, thence the reef is buried under the soil for many miles, and appears for a moment, as it were, at Ely, beyond the sister University of Cambridge.

We now lose the reef for 130 miles to find it again in Yorkshire under Acklam Wold. It here develops into a huge interrupted mass; it is continued along the Howardian Hills, and along the north side of the vale of Pickering, and on to the shore at Filey and Scarborough, and upwards through the Cleveland Hills. Occasionally this range is strong in large corals.

These beds in the Oswald Kirk district abound in branches of *Thamnastræa* and other reef corals, with very numerous shells, so that when the organisms were living the whole must have formed a superb and beautiful spectacle. The Ossulton beds, famed for their fossils, show coral rag passing downwards into a hard reef, frequently mineralised, resting on a limestone and on a coral shell bed.

When branching corals prevail, the interstices, as in the modern seas, display shells, but the latter do not, of course, appear amidst the closer forms. The coral beds here are not, however, continuous. Professor Phillips says: "The mixed mass of corals and shells may justly be compared with some part of the Bermuda reefs, which are formed under the influence of currents in extended sheets, while others grow up in vertical."³

We have thus the traces of long fringing banks and reefs in the ancient tropical seas of the Midlands. In the Yorkshire district a double set of reef beds exist in some places one above another.

The whole of the development is now a vast solid floor of limestone, of which the old reefs are the bones, so to speak, of the great calcareous body.

¹ Page 94. Mr. Taylor is an excellent guide for these and other fossils, and leads the hunter into some of the most beautiful scenery of our island.

² Proceedings Geological Association, vol. vi. p. 152.

³ Q. J. Geological Society, vol. xxiii. p. 296.

² Geological Society, vol. xxiii. p. 309.

³ "Geology of Oxford," p. 299.

In the prevalence of coral in so many forms, and of clays and sands in all varieties of position, we see perfect analogies to the great shallows of the present tropical shores and islands. In tracing the beds we find great difference along the line, pointing to local differences arising from temperature and conformation of adjacent lands. The Corallian *par excellence* occurs both in England and on the Continent in varying proportions, and existed all through the Jurassic or Oolitic period.

Mr. Etheridge enumerates not less than 236 species of coral which have left their marks in the Jurassic rocks in England.

The late Dr. Wright, of Cheltenham, the venerable observer and describer of the Oolite corals, concluded his address to the Field Clubs at Malvern, assembled in Dr. Grindrod's museum, as follows:—

"If I might be permitted to express the thought that runs in my mind at this moment when contemplating so grand a display of the denizens of the old rocks, it is this—that the Almighty Author

of all things has revealed to us in these His works how unchangeable is His character, for the details of their structure, the laws of their being, and other phenomena by which the present organisms of the animal creation are characterised, were found by us alike in those oldest forms of earth's first inheritance, so that if it were true that hundreds of thousands of ages had rolled away since these creatures lived in the primeval seas, the same laws that governed their being, regulated their life, and assigned them their place in creation, are presiding over the countless organisms of the present time; and if it were possible to realise in a material form the words of Scripture, that the Great Author of our being was 'the same yesterday to-day, and for ever,' he would point to the corals, crinoids, star-fishes, and trilobites of the Silurian beach now before them, and say, 'Here are evidences which declare the truth and prove the reality of these all comforting words.'"¹

¹ Wright, address. Woolhope Club Transactions.

AT THE SIGN OF THE VIOLET.

CHAPTER XL.—TO-MORROW.

AS soon as the rays of the sun gilded the tops of the mountains, Daniel lighted the fire in the kitchen and prepared the breakfast. Every villager knows where to find the coffee and the chicory, and the can of milk kept from last night by the mistress of the house. Also every man knows that he must warm the coffee-pot before putting in the ground coffee, and that a large spoonful of coffee is the ordinary quantity for each person. Daniel boiled the water and the milk, and then wakened Jules at the stables. In re-entering the house he took out the key of the front door, that no one might expect to enter that way.

The coffee being ready, he poured out a cup such as he knew his wife took in the morning, put it on a tray with a slice of bread, and went up quickly to Marguerite.

The room was in perfect order, the bed made, the window open. Marguerite was seated on a chair, from which she rose when the door was opened.

"Here is your breakfast," said Daniel, immediately, without looking at his wife; "take it first, and afterwards I will hear what you have to say."

"Daniel," said Marguerite, with a calmness which astonished her husband, "I am your wife, and I wish to obey you; however, it will be better to explain things fully. I thank you truly for your kind attention."

She took a few mouthfuls of the warm coffee, but her tears flowed so abundantly that the poor woman laid down the cup in sheer impossibility of drinking more of it.

"Daniel," she said, "I wish and I ought to speak for both of us. You think me guilty. All appearances are against me. In your eyes I am

but a woman who drinks in the absence of her husband."

"It is true," said Daniel, coldly.

"It is the contrary that is true, Daniel, I assure you. Since you left I have never tasted a single drop of wine nor spirits of any kind, in fear of being overcome by the headiness of which I was the victim some time ago. Yesterday, from early morning, I began to clean all the cooking utensils and to wash and put the house in order. At noon, already very tired, I made a very hasty dinner. Jules went to the meadow with the labourer; and when I had finished all my work, as I did not expect you till to-day, after your letter, I wished to make a cake in honour of your arrival. To make it more quickly I used charcoal in the baking pan, and I unfortunately left the door closed. In a few moments I felt extremely uncomfortable. I told the children to make as little noise as possible, and went upstairs to rest for a moment. I opened the window, but scarcely had I sat down near the bed when I fell into a swoon so deep that I lost consciousness of everything. It was only far on in the night that I awoke. Hearing footsteps below, at first I was alarmed, but I soon recognised your step, and I called you. There is the whole truth, mon ami! You can still condemn me, if you think you ought to do so. Oh, Daniel, if you had only come to me when I called you, or allowed me to come down! What terrible hours of anguish I have passed since you said you thought me guilty, and that you really believed me to blame! I have deserved to be so treated, because I was once imprudent; but God knows all hearts, and He knows that if I have need of forgiveness for all my previous life in His sight, in this case I have

not failed in my duties either as a mother or a wife."

"Marguerite, my dear Marguerite, it is I who ask forgiveness for my haste in judging; it is I who am to blame," exclaimed Daniel, in a tone of bitter self-reproach.

Then drawing her to him gently, he pressed her to his heart, which was overflowing with a peaceful and holy joy. His wife was restored to him with all the wealth of new and infinite blessings.

Marguerite, resuming, said, "Hearken to me, Daniel; we ought to profit by the experience of this night to take new courage. This public-house afflicts and kills me. What can we do to get rid of it?"

Daniel did not reply, but led Marguerite to the window, and then said to her, "Look, we have no longer the Violet as a sign, but we shall again gather it in the country with our children. Now sit down and finish your coffee while I in my turn tell you what is in my thoughts. I am resolved," he went on, "to close the public-house from this day, and it will never be reopened while I live. We have something else to do, you and I, than to sell wine to drunkards and sots. [Here he told Marguerite the sad story of the death of the soldier.] Yes, my dear, we must live in an altogether different way from which we have lived hitherto. During my despair last night I learned that there is in heaven a justice before which we ought well to tremble. I have felt, and I feel, that up to this day we have been Christians only in name, and not in deed. When I opened Jules's Bible, left on the stove, I received every word of the holy book as a fiery dart in my soul. Then I believed in Jesus Christ, the true Son of God. I have cast myself in faith upon Him, and I truly desire to walk in the way which He has pointed out in His Word. Are you willing, Marguerite, to walk therein with me, without heeding the babbling or the ridicule of others? Are you willing to help me to train aright our children? Will you yourself support me in all this, and be an example to me?"

"With God's help I will," said Marguerite, with earnestness, and putting her hand into that of Daniel's. "I am willing to follow you in the way of God."

"May the Lord Jesus be our strength in all things! Marguerite, He hears and sees us in our resolve."

"Amen!" replied the happy wife with decision.

There is a word in the Bible, dear reader, which I should like to have shown to them just then—"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning!"

Soon the girls made their appearance with little Paul, who threw himself into his mother's arms. She covered the babe with kisses, and also kissed affectionately the two dear children who had taken such good care of their brother during the night. Jules was not long in stumping along the corridor in his *sabots*; he was hungry, and his breakfast had time to cool on the extinguished fire, but they all found it very acceptable notwithstanding.

Suddenly Jules broke in with the remark, "I

hardly like to tell you, but some one has stolen the sign of the public-house last night; it is no longer there."

"It is I who took it down, my dear friend," said Daniel, cheerily. "We are no longer publicans, and I hope you will never be one."

"Ah, I am heartily glad of it. At any rate, we shall have our Sunday quiet, and you can come to church along with us, as in former times. And then, I never could bear to see my mother having to go down to the cellar when she was already tired out with serving and work. Will you allow me to go to tell this news to my godfather? He will be rejoiced, I know."

"I intend to go there myself," replied the father. "As for you, Jules, put things a little straight in the yard. There is some hay scattered on the road also. As to the bar and taproom, if any one comes to ask for wine simply say, 'The house is closed.' While I go to see your godfather Osterd your mother will tell you what I saw yesterday on my journey home."

Daniel rose, took his hat, and went towards the house of his friend the councillor.

CHAPTER XII.—A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE tidings of the tragic death of the poor soldier had passed from mouth to mouth before Daniel arrived at the house of Jules Osterd. On the road several persons had asked him if the man was really dead when they tried to lift him, and Daniel had to correct several false rumours which had already gathered round the story. An event like this, which unhappily is not uncommon in these countries, always produces a lively impression at the first moment, but very few men are the less ready to go to the public-house on the very day of such an incident occurring. They go perhaps to talk the affair over more at their leisure, and to compare their own version of the story with what is current in the commune. The calamity that comes on one seldom affects others in the way of warning. In the present case several of the toppers pushed their cynicism so far as to say, "Ah, well, Chopenope came to the end that he deserved; he was a worthless fellow. After him there will be some other."

Some one had simply mentioned the fact to Jules Osterd when Daniel arrived.

"So you are back, Daniel. Welcome to you. Tell us how this affair—this judgment of God, I may call it—happened."

Having heard Daniel's narrative, Osterd asked him if he was coming to his house.

"Yes," said Daniel; "I have come on purpose to have a few words with you alone."

Osterd left the neighbour who had been speaking to him when Daniel came up, and the two entered the house.

Daniel began at once. "I have come, Jules, in the first place, to thank you for sending your men and carts to help my people during my absence. I should be pleased to render like service to you if occasion required it. But I come here more specially about another business. You remember

what you said to me when I opened my public-house eighteen months ago? Your words, not well received by me then, have ended in gradually taking deep root in my mind and my heart, although I have never spoken about it to you. During the fortnight that I was in camp lately I thought much of what you then said, and that terrible scene witnessed by me on the road, and my own reflection, have not a little tended to fix the resolution which I come to announce to you. Last night at midnight I myself tore down the sign of my public-house. My establishment, which was sufficiently a paying concern this year, is irrevocably closed. This, my friend, is what I come to tell you, and to you first."

"God will bless your resolution, Daniel, and—"

"Let me finish. God has already blessed it, for I feel another man since yesterday. Yes, my place is closed, but I have good hopes that my heart and that of my wife are opened to other feelings, and that another spirit animates them. I come to you, Jules, to say that I count on you to aid us to persevere in the life of true Christians; I begin to understand what that ought to be."

On hearing this avowal of a faith so simple and so practical, Osterd felt the deepest emotion and the liveliest joy. How sweet to a fraternal heart are the first outpourings of Christian faith! Jules Osterd wondered at the mysterious ways in which God had moved on behalf of his friend Veily. What would he have said had Daniel told him of all that he had passed through on the previous night! But Daniel did not feel called on to speak about that experience, so personal and sacred.

Osterd strongly urged him to be steadfast in his purpose, and to allow himself to be moved by no sarcasm or raillery from people incapable of understanding the high motives of the change in his life. Jesus Himself forewarned His disciples: "The servant is not greater than his master: they persecuted Me, they will persecute you also; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also" (S. John xv. 20). It was with a light and cheerful heart that Daniel returned to his house, where his presence was urgently needed. One of the sots of the village, Crasson by name, was making a disturbance at the door of the closed public-house. A mob of children and some men had gathered. Jules Veily had told Crasson quietly that this was no longer a drinking-shop. Crasson would not desist from seeking to enter, and pretended that Jules said this only to irritate him.

"Close the public-house! Has your father any right to do so? Tell me to look? you rascal. The place is here for the public to whom it belongs. Will you open for me or not?"

"Hearken to me, Crasson," said Daniel, laying his hand on his shoulder, and fixing his eyes on him; "I saw a drunkard like you die a miserable death yesterday, and I have determined to close my public-house. You had better give up at once your frightful passion for drink. To give you wine or sell it to you is no longer my wish or in my power. There is no longer the signboard of the Violet. Look!"

This is what Jules had told him to do, but Crasson did not seem to have understood what he meant. Now, when Daniel pointed up to the place where the sign had been, Crasson saw that it had disappeared, and in a tone of amazement said,

"Ah! we are nicely *done*! The wine at the cabaret of the commune is as thick as oil, and poor stuff!"

"I do not know about that, my poor fellow; go there if you must have drink. I only ask you to go away, for I cannot have a disturbance in front of my house."

Next day Daniel went to the innkeeper of the village to offer to sell him his bottles, glasses, the remainder of his liquors, the tables, benches—in fact the whole stock-in-trade. We can readily understand how Herr Schlip jumped at the offer, perceiving as he did that the closing of the house would secure for him a large increase of customers, and would remove the troublesome rivalry of a second house in so small a place. As to the wine in his cellar, Daniel decided to keep that; the promise of this year's vines was not favourable, and so the old wine would increase in value during the summer. Besides, it was a risk to take the white wine at least from the cave and expose it to the sun in a time of so great heat as there was then.

A workman was then engaged to whitewash the walls and scour the floor of the taproom, and soon the place was metamorphosed into a clean and tidy chamber; with very plain furniture indeed, but it looked nice and comfortable with the cane-bottomed chairs along the sides, and a couch at one end, with a round table in the middle. On this table, as its only ornament, was placed the large family Bible. To what use would this chamber be put? No other, for the present, than for reunions of the family and friends when they had any visitors.

Six weeks passed, during which all the remainder of the hay was got in, with some work in the vineyard which was rather in a neglected state, and in the harvest fields where the crops were most promising. After these things were attended to, Daniel occupied himself about an affair to be described in our next and closing chapter.

CHAPTER XIII.—AN IMPORTANT VISIT.

ONE could with truth say that the Veily family was now one of the happiest families in the commune. Daniel bore with joy the burden of each day's work, and Marguerite seemed to grow younger, so as to be still the most beautiful woman in the village. There is no joy in life to be compared with that of a happy home, and nothing tends more to give to health its brightest glow, and to the countenance a peaceful and gracious expression. Marguerite no longer worked behind the drawn window-curtain. When serving at the bar she had little time for anything wanted in a home, and now that so complete a change had come in their way of life, she would no longer spend part of the Sunday in work that could wait

till the morrow. Paul now could walk alone; that was one point gained. Jules was really an excellent young fellow. As to the two girls, no one could hesitate to say they were charming, good-looking, lively, and intelligent; Annie and Sophie would one day be as beautiful as their mother.

The dampness of the cellar had completely disfigured the painting on the old signboard of the Violet; it was now propped up to serve as a shelf, on which to put jars of colza-oil or other household necessities.

The vines, as we have already hinted, had suffered greatly from the then mysterious disease which had destroyed many of the vineyards in France as well as Switzerland. The wine in Daniel's cellar did not fail to improve in quality. Already speculators were counting on large profits from stocks in hand. Daniel Veily had no desire for this sort of speculation; he contented himself with selling his wine to those who inquired about it at a moderate profit for ready money. He could easily have made double the amount, but he did not wish it to be said in the village, as malicious persons might have said, that Daniel Veily had closed his cabaret in order to get larger prices for his liquor. No one could say anything so spiteful when it was seen that Daniel was not regretting and speculating, but disposing of his wine at a fair price. Besides, every one in the village knew that his resolution had been fixed on quite other considerations.

With the money obtained from the sale of the wine in the ten casks still in the cave, along with what he had been able to save, Daniel, accompanied by his son Jules, started one morning on a journey. The reader will guess readily that it was to pay a visit to Cousin Demirollet, whom circumstances had prevented coming to the village as usual on the Federal Fast Day. They found the worthy citizen immersed in manifold business, so that the presence of the country cousins at the first moment did not evoke a hearty welcome.

"Where are you going to, cousins?" he said. "If you will first do what business you have to attend to in the town, and then come and have dinner with us, I shall be glad, as I am much engaged at the moment."

"All right, Monsieur Demirollet," said Daniel.

"You see, Cousin Daniel, how many things I have to attend to, especially on market-day. There is hardly time to breathe. Money is so scarce, too, at this time."

"I have come, cousin, just to ask you to receive some of this scarce commodity. I want to pay what I owe to you. The time is not quite expired—it wants fifteen days yet—but if you will receive it to-day you will oblige me. I will pay interest up to the date of the note if you insist on it."

This manner of announcing the purpose of his visit took Demirollet by surprise. It was so utterly unlike the usual way of debtors towards their creditors. Most of them seem as if they were dragging after them a mountain when they come to pay their debts. Others assume mighty airs in coming to do what is a very simple duty, for an obligation conferred, in most cases.

However, Demirollet coolly replied that he would be very glad of the repayment of the loan then and there, although he need not have repaid it fifteen days later. The 3,000 francs were counted out, with 150 for interest, on which the creditor handed 10 francs to Jules for the fifteen days not due. He cancelled the bonds and handed the receipt to the debtor, saying,

"So, cousin, you have closed your public-house. It is some fad on your part. All the same, I say you had a splendid opportunity before you. If you had only given *bais champêtres*, or got up a fair, or, as they say, *puffed* your establishment a little, you could have made a little fortune soon."

"Perhaps," said Daniel; "but I should have done so at the cost of our peace and our true happiness. When one comes to see things as they are, and get behind the scenes, so to speak, there are reflections—"

"Bah! bah! I have been told you have got some strange notions into your head. I have not time to talk now. Go and have a stroll in the town with your son, and come back to dinner at three o'clock. Pot-luck, you know."

"Thank you, cousin, but at three we shall be *en route* homeward."

"In that case, adieu. If you change your mind, Madame Demirollet would be delighted to see you. All in my house is at your service. By the way, we shall not be able to come to your house next fast day. Adieu. Our best regards to your wife."

"My best compliments and thanks," replied Daniel. "We shall be happy to see you when you can come."

Daniel and Jules left their cousin's store and went to see some of the sights and curiosities of the town, always pleasant occupation for an intelligent youth. On their way they went into a jeweller's shop, where Daniel bought a plain gold ring, giving orders for something to be graven on the inside. When they had pleasantly passed as much time as they had to spare they went to the public park or promenade, having purchased a roll on the way. There was a refreshment room, where they had a glass of *vin ordinaire*, and they ate their *petit pains* as they sat on a bench listening to the band that was then playing. Jules wished to take some souvenir to his sisters, and thought a nice book would be best, a purchase which was soon made. As to Paul, it was not difficult to find some toy, for they were sold in every street. The second bell of the boat now being rung, the two country passengers passed over the bridge from the shore and took their places. Early in the evening they were again in their quiet home.

The gold ring, destined for Marguerite, bore the date which Daniel called their *enfranchissement*, or deliverance from bondage. He himself put it beside that other ring, which recalled to both the day when they promised before God to share one another's joys and cares throughout life.

If now, dear reader, you wish to have fuller details about our friends the Veilys, I can tell you that they have not faltered or grown faint in the new course upon which we have seen them enter

For them, no more than for any one, is life's path strewn only with roses, especially in these hard times. Whether in common affairs, or as Christians, they are far from perfection—that is to say, far from reaching the point at which they aim. But they are most assuredly among those who are said to forget the things that are behind and to press forward, as all good pilgrims are doing. And God crowns them with the best blessings. They are industrious and sufficiently well-to-do. They are not like those people who seem to live merely to amass wealth; on the contrary, they are ever ready to give and to distribute to others. Jules Osterd and Daniel Veily are known to all the commune as men who do good as they have opportunity to all around them. There is but one voice as to this in the whole community. Between these two there is also one sentiment on which

they are thoroughly at one, and which they hold very strongly: it is that drunkenness is of all besetting sins the most brutalising and injurious both to individuals and to any community. It is also one of the most difficult to check or get rid of. But they are also agreed that there is one wider and more perilous sin, of which intemperance and other vices are only the fruits, viz., the alienation of the heart from God, and disobedience to His holy will and commandments. It is this evil nature from which flows every sort of sin and vice with which the world is filled: and the one only remedy for so many moral and social miseries, they would also tell you, is the reception of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Faith in the Saviour alone can renew the heart, and the affections, and the whole nature of man. The most enduring social reforms begin here.

Varieties.

Anglo-Jewish Exhibition.

Amongst the many Exhibitions recently held, an especial interest attaches to the Anglo-Jewish collection at the Albert Hall. Some of the first things to arrest attention are the many exhibits of magnificent embroidery, as curtains of the ark and mantles for the scrolls of the law, which have been given to various synagogues. The ark is a recess with two doors at the east end of the building, and contains the scrolls of the law. These are not in book form, nor allowed to be printed, but the various books of the Old Testament are written in Hebrew. The scroll has a rod at each end on which it is wound and unwound as the reader proceeds; the ornaments at the extremity of the rods, usually of gold or silver, are called the "Tree of Life." The Jews hold the reading of the law to be the principal part of the synagogue service, and it would be from a similar scroll that our Saviour read in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16, 17). When the scroll is closed an embroidered band is placed round it, and it is then placed in the mantle to keep it from the dust. Some of these mantles are elaborately worked; one of them had a miniature ark upon it, the open doors showing the scroll inside; another had a representation of Moses and Aaron; and a third some heraldic design with the high priest's breastplate studded with the twelve precious stones (Ex. xxviii. 17) emblematic of the twelve tribes. Over the mantle is then placed the breastplate. This is made of silver or silver-gilt, handsomely chased, and often set with precious stones. In most of these were movable slides in which to put the name of the special festival. The pointer is then affixed to the scroll. This, as its name implies, assists the reader to follow the text without touching the scroll. It is usually—perhaps invariably—made in the shape of a hand with an outstretched finger, and is of silver, coral, ivory, etc., often sparkling with diamonds. When the scroll is replaced the doors of the ark are closed, and an embroidered curtain drawn in front.

In connection also with the synagogue are some exhibits of music, one of which, *Shophar*, the ram's horn, was of much interest. It is used on the morning of New Year's Day (Num. xxix. 1), which usually occurs in our month of September.

There are also some of the scarves worn by the men when at worship, and some phylacteries. These are passages of Scripture written very small and enclosed in a square box with two bands attached, with which it is fastened on the forehead or arm (Deut. vi. 8). In connection with this passage (see verse 9) must be mentioned the "Mezuzah," which

are passages of Scripture written upon parchment, then placed in a small case, sometimes of carved wood, sometimes a tube of glass or tin, and nailed to the doorpost of every room. The name of the Almighty must always be visible. In this collection are two very small ones, one in the shape of a dial in a gold case, the other a tiny glass bottle.

The Jews would appear to be very fond of *light*, judging by the numerous lamps exhibited. One of the most curious is a Sabbath lamp used by the Bombay Jews. It is a group of brass rings suspended from the ceiling; in each ring is placed a glass tumbler with an oil light in it. From various Jewish pictures it would appear that the Sabbath lamp is usually lighted by the mother, who then places on the table some bread called "halla," and covers it with an embroidered cloth. The "kiddush," or sanctification cups, containing wine, of which each one partakes, are very handsome; so are the spice-boxes. There are (I should think) exhibits of every requisite for the festival services. Pass-over dishes, cups, and cakes of unleavened bread; *Hanuca Lamps*, to be used at the Feast of the Dedication of the Temple. This was not one of the feasts instituted by God, but by the Maccabees in remembrance of one of their great deliverances, but we have a reference to it in John x. 23. Among the dishes for the Feast of Purim (kept to celebrate the salvation of the Jews by Esther), is one which has a representation of Mordecai riding on horseback. There are also many copies of the "Megilla," or Scroll of Esther, read at the same feast. These scrolls are mostly small, and in elegant silver cases. There is one other chief feast kept by the Jews—that of the Feast of Tabernacles (Lev. xxiii. 42). The people were to "dwell in booths," and at one end of the room is an actual tabernacle, looking outside much like an ordinary arbour, but the roof is of boughs and wreaths interlaced. Inside, the walls are decorated with Hebrew inscriptions, and seats and a table are provided. All meals are eaten in this tabernacle during the continuance of the festival.

There is a large collection of personal ornaments, such as charms, etc. The betrothal rings are of an immense width. They are mostly of gold, often containing the names of the pair, and the motto "Good luck" in Hebrew. There are also some ornaments to be worn in the hair, and a bridal canopy under which the ceremony is performed. The wine of sanctification at this ceremony is held in glasses (instead of the silver cup), and at the conclusion of the ceremony an empty glass is broken by the husband. This is to remind man that God can as easily crush him.

But it is impossible to mention in detail all the attractions of the Exhibition. One room is devoted to "Montefiorana," and contains likenesses, letters, testimonials, and many things of interest relating to the celebrated philanthropist. There are cases full of coins and medals, a facsimile of the sections of Magna Charta relating to the Jews, bonds, deeds, and other historical relics, among which must be mentioned a facsimile of the signature of the celebrated Aaron of York, the prototype of Scott's Isaac of York in "Ivanhoe;" also autograph letters of Miss Rebecca Gratz, the original of Rebecca in the same well-known work. Wearers of the primrose perhaps felt more interest in the autographs of Lord Beaconsfield and his father, Mr. Isaac d'Israeli: there were several portraits of both those gentlemen. Also one by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., of the late Baroness Meyer de Rothschild, mother of the Countess of Rosebery, and one of the Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

The collections of MSS. lent by the Earl of Crawford and others were very valuable and attractive. There was a beautifully illuminated Liturgy of the Passover Services, the pages open at the time showing a miniature of the slaying of the Paschal Lamb. Here, also, were the Shapira MSS., which a few years since created a sensation, as they were supposed to be the original MS. of the Book of Deuteronomy; but having been carefully examined and pronounced to be forgeries, they quickly passed from memory. Mr. Quaritch, the well-known collector, now exhibits them.

The beautiful model of the Temple of Solomon occupied a prominent space in the Exhibition. It is exquisitely made from a design by Mr. Thomas Newberry. The Holy Place, and the Most Holy, are removed from the inside and shown separately, as are the various models of the altars of burnt offerings and incense, the table of shewbread, the ark of the covenant, the cherubim, lamp-stands, and laver, very helpful to the Bible student. The courts are made according to the vision seen by Ezekiel, as in Kings and Chronicles they are referred to, but not described. There is the outer court, open to all worshippers; the court of the priests, and within that the court of the altar, in which stands the Holy Place.

In conclusion must be mentioned one among the treasures lent by the Palestine Exploration Society, that is, the boundary stone of Gezer. In Joshua xii. 21, we have Shechem, the city of refuge, mentioned, and "Gezer, with its suburbs." M. Clermont-Ganneau, its discoverer, in one of his interesting letters tells us that "the letters upon the stone are placed so as to be read by one coming from without and wishing to pass the boundary." How anxiously the homicide must have looked out for that stone we can well imagine!

F. G. P.

Stratford-on-Avon Jubilee Memorial.

Among the many monumental records of the Jubilee Year, the gift to the town of Shakespeare of a public drinking fountain and clock tower has special interest from its international character. Through the munificence of an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, this handsome and useful memorial has been erected. Besides supplying a much needed benefit to the town of Stratford-on-Avon, it serves as a substantial and beautiful memorial of the friendly feeling of the two great nations, by which the fame and the works of Shakespeare are cherished as a common heritage. American visitors to Stratford are almost as numerous as English, and they will be pleased on seeing this thoughtful and generous tribute by one of their compatriots.

The memorial is a lofty tower, of very elegant and original design, and of durable materials; the base and water-troughs being of Peterhead granite, and the clock tower of a hard freestone, from Bolton Wood, Yorkshire.

The base of the tower is square on the plan, with the addition of boldly projecting buttresses placed diagonally at the four corners, terminating with acutely pointed gables, surmounted by a lion bearing the arms of Great Britain, alternately with the American Eagle associated with the stars and stripes. On the north face is a polished granite basin, having the outline of a large segment of a circle, into which a stream of water is to flow constantly from a bronze spout. On the east and west sides are large troughs of the same general outline and material for the use of horses and cattle, and

beneath these smaller troughs for sheep and dogs. On the south side is a door affording admission to the interior, flanked by two shallow niches, in one of which will be placed a barometer and in the other a thermometer, both of the best construction. Immediately over the basins and the door are moulded pointed arches, springing from dwarf columns with carved capitals. The tympanum of each arch



is filled by geometric tracery, profusely enriched with carvings of foliage.

In the oblong spaces, between the margins of the basins and the opening of the arches, are the following inscriptions, chosen by Dr. Macaulay.

1. "The gift of an American citizen, George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, to the town of Shakespeare, in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria."

2. "In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known: and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood."

Henry VIII., Act v., Scene 3.

3. "Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions."

Washington Irving's "Stratford-on-Avon."

And over the drinking fountain the line—

"HONEST WATER, WHICH NE'ER LEFT MAN I THIE
MIRE."

Timon of Athens, Act i., Scene 2.

The next storey of the tower has on each face a triple arcade, with moulded pointed trefoiled arches on slender shafts. The arches are glazed, and light a small chamber in which the clock is placed. At the corner are cylindrical turrets, terminating in conical spirelets in two stages. In the next storey are the four dials of the clock, under crocketed

gables, with finials representing "Puck," "Mustard seed," "Peas blossom," and "Cobweb." The clock faces project slightly from a cylindrical tower, flanked by four other smaller three-quarter attached turrets of the same plan; from the main central cylinder springs a spire of a slightly concave outline, and the four turrets have similar but much smaller spirelets, all five springing from the same level and all terminating in lofty gilded vanes. The central spire has on four opposite sides gabled spire lights, and at about one-third of its height a continuous band of narrow lights, to spread the sound of the clock bells. The height from the road to the top of the vane is 50 ft. The dials will be illuminated at night.

The architect is Mr. Jethro A. Cossins, of Birmingham, to whom that town owes much of its recent architectural adornment, especially the Mason College buildings. Mr. G. W. Childs, the donor of "the American Window" in Westminster Abbey, in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper, has, by this gift to the town of Shakespeare, earned fresh claims to honour from all lovers of English history and literature; and it was a happy thought to do this in the Jubilee Year of Queen Victoria.

Charades.—The following we find in an old MS. book:—

Appeal of the Letter H to the Inhabitants of Shrewsbury.

Whereas by you it hath been driven
From house, from home, from hope, from heaven,
And placed by your most learn'd society
In ills, and anguish, and anxiety,
And charged, without one just pretence,
With avarice and impudence;
It here demands full restitution,
And begs you'll mend your elocution.

Answer of the Inhabitants to the Letter H.

Whereas we rescued you, ingrate!
From hunger, havoc, and from hate,
From horse-pond, hanging, and from halter,
And consecrated you in altar,
And placed you where you'd never be,
In honour and in honesty—
We deem your talking an intrusion,
And will not mend our elocution.

Enigma.

What breathes in each hope, and ends every sigh,—
What mingles alike in our woe and our joy,—
What holds in the heart of each woman a place,—
What opens Eternity, bounds Time and Space?

These elements join, to a name they will grow,
The dearest the heart of affection can know,
Whose circle embraces each blessing of life,
Friends, country, and kinsmen, and children and wife;
A name which no language can ever define,
No climate can change and no region confine;
It lives mid the waste of the Laplander's snows,
It lives where the sun of Caffraria glows;
Yet England, o'er others, still boasts in her isle
Its softest endearments, its loveliest smile.

Answer.—HOME.

Charade by the late W. M. Praed.—Miss Mitford, in her "Literary Recollections," gave some specimens of the poetical charades of Mr. Praed, the most successful composer of lyrical *jeux d'esprit* of his kind. The solution of the following lines, she says, is "still a mystery" to her. We have seen two solutions; but, before giving them, let some readers of the "Leisure Hour" try to give a metrical answer, in four, six, or eight lines; or in prose—

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt—
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day be done;
And both together to all eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

Undoubtedly.—Many persons have the habit of constantly using some word in the pauses of conversation. Every one has heard of the *re-a-ly* of Wilkie, the painter. "You keep on saying 're-a-ly,'" said a friend one day, provoked. "Re-a-ly," was all the reply. "Yes. Why, you've said it half a dozen times in as many minutes." "Re-a-ly," said Wilkie! Coleridge's habitual word was "Undoubtedly." It was rarely that a listener got a chance to hear the word; but when a lady was once talking with him, Coleridge submitted with wonderful patience to her garrulity. She extorted twenty-two "undoubtedlys" from the philosopher, and flattered herself that she had vanquished him in twenty-two arguments! Coleridge was once "shut up" by an antagonist as unpromising as this talkative lady. A Jew passed him, crying out "O' clo', o' clo'!" in strange, nasoguttural twang. Coleridge was annoyed, and said, "Why can't you say *old clothes* in a plain way, as I do now?" The Jew looked at him, and in clear and even fine accents, said, "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say it ten times a minute for an hour together you would say 'o' clo', as I do now"—marching on as he again uttered the cry. Coleridge was so struck with the justice of the reply, and so conscious of his own rudeness, that he hastened after the Jew, made an apology, and gave him a shilling.

The Last of the Laureates.—Lord Tennyson is officially and nominally Poet-Laureate, but he has merely a literary rank and pension, without compulsory service, as when the minstrels had to sing for £100 a year and a tierce of Canary wine. Henry James Pye, who wore the bays from 1790 to 1813, was the last of the laureates of the old school. His successors—Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson—have restored to the office some of the dignity it had lost ever since the days of Dryden. Mr. Matthias, in his gossiping poem, "The Pursuit of Literature," describes "Spartan Pye," in playful allusion to his translation of *Tyrtæus*. It is said that a board of general officers ordered Pye's war odes to be read aloud at Warley Common and at Barham Downs, where camps were during the great war. The story is that very speedily the front ranks, and many others who were within hearing, dropped their arms, and were all found fast asleep. Pye was able to amuse and please King George III, though he had not the knack of inspiring the soldiers as Dibdin had of cheering the British tars.

Edinburgh University during the last Year.—The total number of matriculated students has amounted to 3,635, as against 2,351 in 1876, and 1,525 in 1866, being 110 in excess of those enrolled in 1885. Of this total 1,122 have been enrolled in the Faculty of Arts, 108 in the Faculty of Divinity, 490 in the Faculty of Law, and 1,915 in the Faculty of Medicine. Of the students of medicine, 769 (or about 40 per cent.) were from Scotland, 718 (or 37 per cent.) were from England, 37 from Ireland, 80 from India (among whom, it may be mentioned, was included the Thakoor of Gondal, a reigning Indian chief); 265 (or upwards of 13 per cent.) from various British colonies, and 52 from foreign countries. Through the munificence of a public-spirited citizen of Edinburgh, the University is likely soon to be provided with a great Academic Hall, involving a probable expenditure of £50,000. A new architectural feature has recently been

added to the Old College in the shape of a handsome dome over the entrance, designed by Dr. Rowand Anderson, and erected at a cost of about £3,000, from a fund bequeathed for the purpose by the late Mr. Robert Cox, w.s.; and a tasteful drinking fountain erected in the quadrangle, from designs by Mr. Sydney Mitchell, has been generously presented by Dr. William F. Cumming, of Kinellan. One of the most noteworthy events of the past year was the holding of a great fancy fair or bazaar in December, inaugurated by the students under very distinguished patronage, and largely assisted by the Principal, the Professors, several Indian Princes, and many other well-wishers, for the purpose of raising funds to found a "University Union." This fair proved an immense success, and the sum realised amounted to about £11,000. The Earl of Iddesleigh was Lord Rector of the University at the time of his death. The Chancellor of the University is the veteran Scottish Judge, Lord President Inglis. The number of members of Council (who are voters in Parliamentary contests) is now 5,645.

William Smith O'Brien, M.P.—It is not generally known that Mr. Smith O'Brien, during his exile, prepared a work on the "Principles of Government," which showed most statesmanlike qualities in one who had been regarded only as a turbulent Irish demagogue. The work contains some suggestions worthy of being recalled in our own day. Speaking of the defects and abuses of legislation in the British Parliament, he says: "Measures which excite party debates are scrutinised with great vigilance, but a very large majority of the bills which pass through both Houses receive no attention except, perhaps, from a few members who happen to feel a special interest in the subjects to which they relate. The public in general knows little of such measures until after the final enactment. When a bill does not awaken party vigilance, it is easy to introduce into it amendments (furtively as it were) which materially alter its original provisions." Mr. Smith O'Brien recommended that every bill should be referred to a select committee, assisted by an eminent lawyer appointed by the legislature to revise bills in progress. This barrister ought again to certify in writing his opinion on the legal bearing of any bill before its final reading.

Charles James Fox on Irish Jobbery.—In Lord John Russell's Life of Fox is a letter from the great Whig statesman to Lord Northampton, in November, 1783, in which this passage occurs: "This country is reduced low enough, God knows, but depend upon it we shall be tired if, year after year, we are to hear of granting something new, or acquiescing in something new, for the sake of pleasing Ireland. I am sure you must feel as I do on this subject, but, situated as you are among Irishmen, who, next to a job for themselves, love nothing so well as a job for this country, and hardly ever seeing any one who talks to you soundly on our side of the question, it is next to impossible but you must fall into Irish ideas more than we do, who see the reverse of the picture, and who, of course, are much more sensible to the reproaches of this country than of that. Ireland seems to me now like one of her most eminent jobbers, who, after obtaining the Prime Serjeantry, the Secretaryship of State, and twenty other great places, insisted upon the Lord-Lieutenant's adding a major's half-pay to the rest of his emoluments."

A Missionary Cat.—The fact is I am rather afraid of wonderful stories. Mr. Comber, when he was in England, told some friends how on one occasion a big crocodile rushed at a boat he was in and attacked it. A little later on one of the very good friends of the Congo Mission said to him, "You must not try to make us at home believe that a crocodile would attack a boat twenty-six feet long." "My dear friend," said he, "that is nothing: I have seen them rush at the steamer, and that is seventy feet long." Another wonderful, but unfortunate, story is one which, no doubt, a great many of you know. I have got a secretary-bird, which our boys nicknamed "Chickabiddy," a big fellow, standing about four feet high, and it picks up no bad living at the station, for it eats fowls and chickens. When Mr. Bentley's monkey died, Chickabiddy swallowed it. Nobody saw Chickabiddy swallow the monkey, but the monkey's tail being longer than Chickabiddy's throat, a bit of it hung outside, so we knew where the monkey had

gone. One day, after Chickabiddy had been distinguishing himself very much, having gobbled up a lot of young ducks—and, indeed, having so misbehaved himself that Mr. Comber said Chickabiddy was on the prowl, looking out for a baby—he managed to swallow a live kitten: not a little one, but a good-sized one. Nobody saw him swallow the kitten, and the kitten's tail was not so long as the monkey's tail, so it did not hang outside; but the boys in the Bible-class in the next room plainly heard the kitten mewling inside the maw of the bird. Mr. Comber seized Chickabiddy, opened his mouth, and sure enough there was the tip of the kitten's tail, and he was just in time to catch hold of it and thus rescue the poor victim. Dr. Leslie called upon us that afternoon, and we told him how Chickabiddy had swallowed the kitten. He was so much interested that he asked us to give him the kitten, so that when he went down the country he might produce it as a witness. We gave him the kitten, and heard nothing of it until some months later, when Dr. Leslie came to me with a very woeful face, and said: "Mr. Grenfell, you did me a bad turn when you gave me that kitten. I have been all through the Russo-Turkish War, and in the campaign against Arabia, and I have told many wonderful tales, but I have never got into half the disrepute as I have done about your story of the missionary cat." You can, therefore, understand how it is that I am rather afraid of wonderful stories.—*The Rev. George Grenfell, of the Congo River.*

Petroleum.—While Russia and America derive immense revenue from the importation of mineral oil to England, the supply to be obtained from our own territories is too much neglected. A London firm calls attention to this in the following terms: "It is surprising that the present superfluity of this wonderful oil does not exercise the minds of the Government authorities as well as the scientists of the day. Within the confines of the British Empire—India, Australia, Canada, and Scotland—there exists deposits ample for the supply of oil to the British fleet, to lubricate the machinery of all the Government dockyards, to illumine our lighthouses, to fill the poor man's lamp with burning oil, and the rich man's drawing-room with paraffin candles. It is a pity to see such a mine of wealth only partially utilised."

The Cooling of the Sun.—Sir William Thomson, whose authority is recognised in physical science, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, pointed out the limits of solar heat as to past time, allowing a very minute portion of the countless millions of years which advocates of the development theory require. He also showed that we can count only on a comparatively small duration of heat sufficient to support such life as we are now acquainted with on the earth. He said that, "By the most recent calculation, and taking into account all possibilities of greater density in the sun's interior and of greater and less activity of radiation in past ages, it would be rash to assume as probable anything more than twenty million years of the sun's light in the past history of the earth, or to reckon on more than five or six million years of sunlight for the future."

Terrorism in Pennsylvania.—An American journalist gives the following account of a state of things analogous to the boycottings and assassinations in Ireland. He says: "Some ten or twelve years ago our great anthracite coal region was almost ruled over by a secret society known as the 'Molly Maguires.' They were Irish miners banded together to secure themselves work and high wages by means of assassination. No laws oppressed them, but if a mining 'boss' or superintendent dismissed one of them for incompetence or other cause, he appealed to the society, and men were detailed to inflict its vengeance. Murder after murder was committed, and for years the terrible work went on. No one could be punished, for witnesses would not testify. Such was the terror the organisation inspired that in one case a murder was committed in the presence of sixty or seventy witnesses, not one of whom could be made to give evidence. I speak of what I know when I state that a man of high character, a mining superintendent, received a notice that within two weeks he was to be shot. He took every precaution, changing his sleeping-place; but in less than a fortnight he was murdered when he was on his way to his office."

The business of a great railway and mining company was paralysed. Fortunately a lawyer of remarkable ability and resolution became the president of the company; a detective of equal courage was secured, and at length overwhelming evidence was produced, convictions were obtained, and sixteen, I think, of the murderers were hanged. Peace, order, and security to life and property soon prevailed."

Permanence of Kind.—Professor Owen, in describing at the Geological Society in January, 1851, a new species of *Pterodactyl* from the chalk, remarked that as far as the evidence of three well-defined species goes, the organisation of these singularly modified reptiles, whose existence extended from the lias to the chalk inclusive, had undergone no change, nor shown any tendency to pass into any other or higher winged-form of animal. Nor had it degenerated; but on the very eve of its disappearance, at the close of the secondary epoch in geology, it had attained and retained its maximum condition of development. After nearly forty years no discovery of species in progress of change has been made, yet evolutionists speak dogmatically as if transmutation had been proved.

Cowper and Landor.—Walter Savage Landor, in his "Last Fruits off an Old Tree," has the following lines on Cowper:—

"Tenderest of tender hearts, of spirits pure
The purest! Such, O Cowper! such wert thou;
But such are not the happiest; thou wert not,
Till borne where all true hearts and spirits rest.
Young was I, when from Latin lore and Greek,
I played the truant for thy sweeter Task;
Not since that hour hath aught our Muses held
Before me seemed so precious; in one hour
I saw the poet and the sage unite,
More grave than man, more versatile than boy!"

The largest Penny Newspaper yet printed.—The "Scotsman" of Saturday, May 21st, 1887, published in Edinburgh, had 128 columns in its double sheet. It contained 37,000 lines, 300,000 words, and altogether about 2,200,000 letters. It is calculated that this would equal the matter printed in an ordinary three-volume novel. The advertisements numbered 3,500. In days before the repeal of the "taxes on knowledge," the duty to Government, at 1s. 6d. levied on each advertisement, would have been for this one issue £262 10s. On the previous Saturday the advertisements filled 74 columns in a 112-column paper. This was unequalled previously, but was exceeded in the paper of May 21st. The daily circulation averages 65,000.

County Boards.—"A. J. P.," writing in "Murray's Magazine" (No. 3) on county government, expresses fear lest popular election should exclude the best men. For instance, the late Mr. T. B. L. Baker, of Hardwicke, known and honoured by all who felt interest in prison discipline and in the management of juvenile offenders, had not the showy qualities that catch the votes of a large electorate. He was a worker, not a speaker, with no desire for publicity, but for forty years devoting his life to practical beneficence. "What chance," says Mr. Wilfred Cripps, "would such a man have had of commanding popular suffrages?" Such cases should be considered in any scheme of local county boards. The county magistrates ought to have at least some power of nomination.

Fawcett Memorial in Westminster Abbey.—The Fawcett Memorial is in the Baptistry of the Abbey, where there are busts of Keble, Wordsworth, and other poets, and where is the "American window" in memory of George Herbert and William Cowper, the gift of G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. The Fawcett Memorial consists of a portrait bust, beneath which is a series of allegorical figures in brass, representing brotherhood, zeal, justice, gratitude, sympathy, industry, and again brotherhood. The work has been executed from a design by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, A.R.A. Beneath it is the following inscription written by Mr. Leslie Stephen: "Henry Fawcett, born August 26, 1833; died November 6, 1884. After losing his sight by an accident at the age of

twenty-four, he became Professor of Political Economy in the University of Cambridge; member of four Parliaments, and from 1880 to 1884 Postmaster-General. His inexorable fidelity to his convictions commanded the respect of statesmen. His chivalrous self-devotion to the poor and helpless won the admiration of his countrymen and his Indian fellow-subjects. His heroic acceptance of the calamity of blindness has left a memorable example of the power of a brave man to transmute loss into gain and wrest victory from misfortune. This monument was erected by the subscribers to a national memorial."

Burke's False Quantity Quotation.—In his famous speech on Economic Reform, Edmund Burke quoted the sage phrase of Cicero, *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*—Thrift is a great income. The second word he pronounced "vèctigal." Lord North, in a low tone, corrected the error; when Burke, with skilful presence of mind, turned the slip to his own advantage. "The noble lord," said he, "hints that I have erred in the quantity of a principal word in my quotation; I rejoice at it, sir, because it gives me an opportunity of repeating the inestimable adage." And then he loudly repeated—"Magnum vectigal est parsimonia."

Consols above 103.—On Friday, May 13th, 1887, Consols were sold at the highest price ever recorded—viz., at 103½, this price being marked three times, and the closing quotations being 103½ 103½. The only previous occasion when Consols have touched 103 was on the 24th of May, 1881. The nearest approach to this figure up to that date was on the 9th of December, 1852, when Consols reached 101½. Since 1881 they have touched 102½ on the 31st of October, 1882, and 102½ on the 15th of February, 1883; and on the 9th, 10th, and 16th of April, 1884. Consols changed hands fourteen times this May week at 103, twelve times at 103½, and three times at 103½.

Nous avons change tout cela.—The origin of this often-quoted saying is not known to many who use it. The phrase can properly only be applied in a humorous and ironical sense, not as a dry statement of fact, as we have sometimes heard. When Geronte, in Molière's matchless comedy, "Le Médecin malgré lui," remarks that he had always understood the heart to be on the left side and the liver on the right, Sganarelle pompously replies, "Yes, it was so formerly, mais nous avons changé tout cela, we have changed all that."

Natural Curiosity.—The veteran Chamberlain of the City of London, Benjamin Scott, at a recent dinner of the Corporation officials, told an amusing anecdote of the curiosity of the young Queen Victoria. He said he had the honour of attending at the Mansion House on Princess Victoria before she became Queen. He had with him the sceptre, and a red morocco box in which it was kept, and he remembered after the Queen had seen the sceptre she wanted to know what was inside the red box.

Irish Expresses in 1788.—In an annual of this year it is stated that "Private expresses, at the rate of four miles an hour, may be forwarded from the General Post Office, Dublin, to any part of Ireland, on paying fourpence a mile and sixpence to the horn at each stage, with the usual fee also from Dublin to London for £4 18s. 4d.; to Chester, £2 2s. 10d.; to Liverpool, £2 17s. 6d.; to Glasgow, £5; to Edinburgh, £5 6s. 8d."

Careless Customers.—A saddler at Oxford having forgotten to which of his customers he had sold a saddle, told his clerk to charge it in the bills of all his customers. He no doubt thought that those who were wrongly charged would protest, and so the real debtor be found. Actually thirty-two of them paid their bills, saddle included, without any question!—*Catherine Sinclair.*

"Looking over the Newspaper."—Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, once thus wrote in his journal: "I have been just looking over a newspaper; one of the most solemn and painful studies in the world, if it be read thoughtfully. So much a sin, and so much of suffering in the world as are there displayed, and no one seems able to remedy either."

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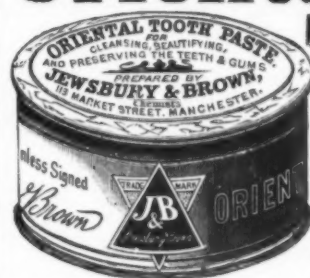
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